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Together

Cheers for the New Woman

Color: **Beachhead in Hawaii**

About Flowers and Funerals

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

August 1959



12-99 334695
MRB VIRGINIA H KING
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MADISON N J.



A COWBOY'S PRAYER

By BADGER CLARK

OH LORD, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day you finished it so long ago
And looked upon your work and called it good.
I know that others find you in the light
That's sifted down through tinted windowpanes,
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That you have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock, or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.



Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

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Together

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families NOVEMB

SHARE TOGETHER'S MEMORABLE 175th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE WITH YOUR FRIENDS



ABOVE Bishop Francis Asbury: The Man on Horseback by Harry Hayman Cochrane

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

IN THIS, as in all issues of TOGETHER, you're apt to find articles by, or about, some pretty well-known people. You read about them often in your newspaper. Their works are on most library shelves. You'll find them in *Who's Who*.

But it seems to us that the pulse of a magazine gets its beat from the hearts and homes of the everyday men and women who share themselves with all of us. Take, for example, **Mary H. DeLapp**, wife of a professor, who is happily rearing the children she tells us about in *Help Your Children Make Friends* [page 32]. The DeLapps, incidentally, are leaving this fall for a year of dedicated work in Pakistan. Then there's **Opal Palmer**, who gave herself to the task of helping those who can't help themselves—and tells about her experiences in *I Helped Mend Broken Minds* on page 49. And **Kathryn Loring** simply *has* to be the kind of woman she tells us about on page 14 in *Cheers for the New Woman*.

But what really put us on this line of thought was **Helen P. Satterfield's** little gem on page 19. It landed on our desk, right out of the blue, one day not long ago. It was typewritten, not on the usual paper, but what appeared to be two half sheets of heavy mimeograph paper—and, when we read it, we found it packed a real punch. Here, we thought, is a lifetime of living and dreaming, all wrapped up in one little package—plus a philosophy that puts many a sage to shame. So we set out to find what we could about the author of *If Failure Could Be Spelled Success*.

We didn't find Helen Satterfield in *Who's Who*, or on the library shelves. We found her on a pleasant little street in Fairmont, W.Va. A Methodist minister there helped us find her—and were we surprised! She's a gay, laughing woman, all of 75—and proud of it. A great-grandmother, too; a Methodist since childhood; a reader of TOGETHER from the first. Once, long ago, she was young people's secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Protestant Church east of the Mississippi. Yes, there are a lot of interesting facts about Helen Satterfield, but we think page 19 tells more about her than all the assorted data ever could. . . .

Now, about our cover: Who could capture in words the thrill of that first big swing ride, all by yourself, with Daddy's hands ready to catch you should you fall? No writer can. But we think our cover does. Don't you?

—YOUR EDITORS

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Letters

Children Always Were Children!

MRS. C. B. MARRISETT

Nashville, Tenn.

Concerning *Can Girls Reform Boys After Marriage?* [May, 1959, page 45], I am the mother of three girls and five grandchildren. When I was growing up in the 20s people were saying, "I don't know what this younger generation is coming to!" They said it when my children were growing up—and they're still saying it as my grandchildren are growing up! There isn't much that makes me angrier than to hear that remark!

My philosophy is this: Raise your children right, teach them right from wrong, be reasonable, patient, kind, and understanding; then, as they are growing up, let them do as they please, for they are going to anyway! If you have taught them right, they'll do right!

An Embarrassing Question

CLAUDE M. MORGAN, *Attorney*
Huntington, W.Va.

Battalions of Babies [June, 1959, page 17] is one of the most poignant articles I have ever read. But I recalled that just a few years ago the dark-haired children would have been despised, their elders regarded as lower than animals, to be killed with no more feeling than would be displayed in eradicating a colony of termites.

It would be interesting to hear the answer of an American missionary to a question posed by a Japanese girl: Would Jesus have dropped the A-bomb on them? Unless I miss my guess, said missionary would turn red in the face and endure some awkward moments as he attempted to explain our form of Christianity.

Want to See the Original?

REV. ARTHUR BRUCE MOSS, *Pastor*
John Street Methodist Church
New York City

Methodist visitors to New York City can see the original painting of John Street Church [see *Three Historic Methodist Churches*, June, 1959, page 37] at the Museum of the City of New York, 103rd St. and 5th Ave. It was executed while the chapel was still standing. The artist was Joseph Smith, well known for his fine work in art and a trustee of the church. The owner of the painting is Miss Ethel M. Howell, of Union Methodist Church in Brooklyn, whose

father, Dr. Francis G. Howell, was pastor of John Street in the 1890s.

A superb etching from the painting was made by Delnoce in 1866. Copies are occasionally available at shops dealing in old prints.

A scale model of the chapel is on display in the Historical Museum of John Street Church, 44 John St. The church is open daily to visitors; worship service is held at 11 a.m. each Sunday.

This 'Maniac' Isn't 'Biver'

ALICE THURSTON BIRD

Corinna, Maine

'What's That Word Again?' [May, 1959, page 60] attracted my attention. After reading it, my curiosity was aroused to know what Maniac (native of Maine) ever heard such expressions as were printed there.

To me, a native, a *gorming* person would be clumsy, not stupid, and when you use the word *biver* for excited it sort of gets me in a dither. We do *hog-wrestle* (dance) as you suggest, but *pizen neat* and *drozzel tail* are not in my vocabulary.

Why Not Dinners for the Poor?

REV. FRED COLLINS, *Pastor*
Wibaux, Mont.

Regarding *Should Churches Sell Things?* [April, 1959, page 23]: If they must have a dinner, why don't they try doing as Luke 14:13 suggests ("But when you give a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind . . .")? Those who delight in fixing dinners and competing with restaurants insist their chief aim is fellowship in fixing, and not in counting the proceeds. How many "Martha Circles" that gave a dinner last year invited the rich so that payment could be made, and how many invited the poor who could not pay?

Churches—Business Competitors

ELMER J. PHILLIPS

Kingston, Pa.

I wish to go on record stating that I wholeheartedly support the Rev. Robert W. Lind and his argument against the church's entering the business of man and neglecting the business of God [see *Should Churches Sell Things?*].

Why should any church put on affairs to raise money which conflict with the business of members? Owners

of restaurants, bakeries, hardware stores, and the like can better support a church if it is not their competition.

The Phillips family, actually four families, all belong to The Methodist Church. The financial support we are able to give is derived from our business, which specializes in prepared sea food to take home ready to eat. We cannot help but feel some animosity when we see a Methodist Church putting on a fish and sea-food fund-raising supper and announcing that the sea food is available on a take-home basis.

Handsome—But Not Hopalong

MRS. BENJAMIN YOUNG

Providence, R.I.

One thing puzzles me: in *Unusual Methodists* [April, 1959, page 16], who is the handsome, white-haired gentleman to J. Arthur Rank's right? Looks somewhat like Alan Ladd or William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd. Am I close?

Sorry. He's Major R. N. F. Evans, secretary of Religious Films, Ltd.—but he does look like old Hopalong.—Eps.

Grandpa Used Two Spectacles!

JOLANTA KUCZMA

Bytom, Pl. Sikorskiego 4/6
Poland

Some days ago I received two copies of *TOGETHER* magazine. I was very glad to find my picture and letter there. I showed it to all my friends and they hardly believed their eyes to see me in American magazine [April, page 4]. My Grandpa put on a couple of spectacles to convince that it was really I.

Dear Friends over the ocean. I am really thrilled to receive so many letters from you. I am convinced now that I have many good friends there in America.

There are 314 letters that I received last month. Of course you all are waiting for my answer. I already sent letters to some of pen pals. I can't write English and my Daddy has not much time



Jolanta, her brother Chris, and parents.

to help me. But I don't want to leave you without any answer so I asked Editor of the *TOGETHER* magazine to place my common answer in one of the issue. Besides I send you a picture. May be if my Daddy have a little more

Smart folks know:

BUYING CHILTON CARDS AT HOME COSTS SO MUCH LESS...

At last I've found a way to make extra money *and* help my friends while I do it! You see, Chilton cards are so *different* . . . in fact, a lot of people have told me they look and feel just like those expensive cards where you pay for a lot of costly advertising. Almost all my friends and relatives bought from me, and they all said they wished they'd known about these beautiful cards years ago! No wonder I'm so glad I sent that Chilton coupon off — and the extra money I earned made my whole family's Christmas the merriest ever!

*"and I make extra money
for Christmas
by helping them!"*



**Why not make extra money yourself...by providing Chilton
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IT'S EASY TO GET STARTED WITH CHILTON'S SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Once you open up these 4 exciting boxes, you'll see immediately why Chilton cards sell themselves! Every design — whether it's an elegant painting or a bright-hearted drawing — is so tastefully attractive and individual that it's almost impossible to choose your favorite! Just feel that rich, expensive paper — a distinctive compliment to the friends who receive Chilton cards.

Within a few minutes you can prove to yourself how easy it is to earn extra money with Chilton cards — just take these 4 boxes next door to your neighbor and make yourself \$3.40 on the spot! People who've never sold before find Chilton cards a pleasure to show, and Chilton's money-making guides show you how to earn \$25, \$50, \$100 and more taking orders for Chilton Greeting Card assortments, Gift Wrappings, Stationery, and Gift Items in your spare time.

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ALL 4 BOXES \$1.00
OF CHRISTMAS CARDS
Yours for only

(RETAIL
\$4.75)

This is a special
introductory offer for new
Chilton dealers only

SEND NO MONEY! Just fill out the coupon and mail it for your 4 boxes of Chilton cards. When you become an active Chilton dealer, you get all 4 boxes for \$1 plus a small mailing cost. You must make money or return the cards and owe nothing. Or, if you prefer, keep them yourself at the regular retail price. Limited offer . . . only one to a family or household . . . so mail your coupon today!

CHILTON GREETINGS CO., 846
76 Atherton St., Boston 30, Mass.
1812 Roscoe St., Chicago 13, Ill.

Please send me the 4 boxes of Chilton Greetings described above. I pay nothing now or when the cards arrive. I understand that the special introductory price to new active dealers is \$1 plus mailing cost and that if I do not sell I may return them without obligation.

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Long Beach, Calif.



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Mrs. J. S.
Cincinnati, Ohio



Chilton

76 Atherton St., Boston 30, Mass. 1812 Roscoe St., Chicago 13, Ill.
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time I will try to answer some more.

Many of you asked for addresses of my friends if I wouldn't be able to write to you. Well, with great pleasure I would send you those addresses but neither my friends nor their parents can speak English and there is very difficult to find any interpreter here.

At present time we have nice weather in Poland. All around is green and beautiful. Spring is at its heaviest. God bless people all over the world and gives them His gifts. And now my dear Friends, once more I thank you very much for your letters and pictures and above all for your good hearts. God may bless you all. Good bye!

Our thanks to you who have taken time to write to Jolanta. You will understand if you receive no reply for, as she has explained to us, her Daddy, upon whom she relies for help in English, "is a Methodist pastor and moreover he studies at the Theology Academy at Warsaw."—EDS.

Wedding Plans Overstressed?

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland, Oreg.

North Andover MYFers Learn How to Plan a Wedding [June, 1959, page 62] evokes some misgivings. Do not the publicans and sinners do the same, i.e., marry and give in marriage? "What do ye more than they?" Here lies the nub of the Christian challenge, skimmed, I fear, by this article.

Too much priority is being given to such matters as wedding plans, family concerns, and the whole of human temporalities at the expense of losing the ultimate and central concern. We are reversing the order by having it, "Seek ye first the things that shall be added unto you," rather than "first the Kingdom," and then all else will fall into place.

Right Focus on Ex-Convicts

W. B. CONN, Chaplain

Federal Correctional Institution
Tallahassee, Fla.

Thanks for *Shall We Tell Our Children We're Ex-Convicts?* [June, 1959, page 28].

The story was well told and the uncomfortable, unenviable position of these people was well focused. The *Readerviews* were sufficiently varied to solicit a great deal of constructive thinking, beyond which lie public understanding and intelligent aid for the persons trying to come back.

The Three Make One

FLORENCE E. CAIN

Glendale, Calif.

Dr. T. Otto Nall in *Your Faith and Your Church* [February, 1959, page 57] quotes various theories about the Trinity and then says it is "an effort

to understand the many-sided nature of God." But doesn't explaining God reduce God to a formula? Obviously, Jesus considered our academic understanding of God of far less importance than our relation to God.

If we must think of God as a Trinity, may not the Holy Trinity be comparable to our own human trinity of body, mind, and spirit? These three are one personality.

When I think of my mother, her face comes before me; I also think of her traits of mind; most of all I think of her sweet spirit. But I do not think of these three separately. To me she is just Mother. I do not try to analyze her. I just love her.

'Twasn't a Browning Wall

MINNIE JANE MERRELLS

Buckhannon, W.Va.

In Laren Spear's *Bread From Heaven* [July, 1959, page 17] there is an incorrect statement of authorship where the minister asks John, "Did you ever hear Browning's poem about the little flower growing in the wall?" This poem was written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Mr. Spear also misquotes the poem. Here is the poem (1869):

*Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.*

Safety Belts Work!

DONALD S. BOWMAN, Pastor

Pine Village, Ind.

As an ex-traffic engineer now in the ministry, I write to suggest that you encourage use of protective devices in cars—in particular, the seat belt. I read a report last week saying that automobile accidents in this country are taking more lives than any disease. It



"To show how Communism restricts, when I hit my thumb with a hammer, did I have freedom of speech?"

is estimated that seat belts, properly installed and used, would reduce fatalities by a ratio of 3½ to 1, and injuries by 2½ to 1. The American Medical Association has even gone so far as to recommend that seat belts be mandatory in all cars.

—And *Sudden Death* [June, 1959, page 14] stated the problem very well, and is a call for saner driving. In spite of all we do to promote safety, there will still be accidents. How much better if we are protected when they happen!

A Thank You to Father O'Rourke

MRS. JOHN L. WHITTIER

Northfield, Minn.

I love the brotherhood feeling that erupts from *TOGETHER's* pages and catches fire in my soul. "You shall love your neighbor as yourself" [Matthew 22:39]: this, to me, is *TOGETHER's* message to mankind.

I agree with Father John G. O'Rourke's letter [June, 1959, page 9] and the statement he generously offered. I pray that God will make more people of all denominations who have love in their hearts work and pray for the common goal—brotherhood.

Magazines Welcomed at Culion

MERCEDES IDELFONSO

Culion Sanitarium

Culion, Palawan, Philippines

I am a sufferer of the lingering illness called "Hansen's disease." To make my weary hours of solitude pass, and to forget the poignant memories of loved ones at home, I indulge in correspondence.

Letters from *TOGETHER* readers will be personal visits to me and if correspondents also send magazines I will greatly appreciate it.

The Disciples: Prints Available

MRS. REX CONNER

Anderson, Ind.

My request is simply to obtain the issue with the pictures of the 12 disciples by Suné Richards [October, 1957, page 34].

I am not a Methodist; I am a Quaker. But my employer is a Methodist and through him I was able to read this issue along with several others, which I consider wonderful. However, I have been unable to get anyone in his congregation to give up the October copy.

To Mrs. Conner we've passed on word that the *Disciples* are available, suitable for framing, at \$1.50 a set from the Methodist Publishing House.—EDS.

Messieurs et Mesdames . . .

MRS. DAN T. LLOYD

Tampa, Fla.

We find *TOGETHER* very interesting, thought provoking, and also pleasing to anyone who appreciates beauty—and



“Because I was feeling under par,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“Under par’s a fine way to be on the golf course, but it’s sure a dreary way to feel. You don’t sleep well at night; you wake up feeling all worn out—and stay that way all day.

“The doctor said he’d seen a lot of people with my trouble lately. What was it? Too much coffee. He explained some people can’t take all the caffeine in coffee and suggested I drink Postum instead. Postum’s caffeine-free, can’t irritate your nervous system and keep you awake at night.

“I tried Postum. It was no surprise that I started sleeping and feeling better. But Postum’s good flavor was. Why don’t you try Postum? You’ll like it, too!”



Postum is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods



that must include nearly all people.

I have started mailing it to my niece, recently arrived from France. Her husband reads English well and her young daughter is studying it in school. . . .

Passing along your fine magazine to foreigners eager to get acquainted with Americans and their customs serves the missionary purpose of our denomination.

Suggestion for a Critic

MRS. DON OPHEIM

Jackson, Minn.

After reading some critical, cutting, and sarcastic letters tearing down your wonderful magazine, I feel that I must write to you.

To the woman who "can't keep TOGETHER out of her home," may I suggest she give it to someone who would appreciate it. . . .

Extra Mileage for Together

B. G. MACFARLANE

Griffith, Ind.

TOGETHER is the most inspirational publication which has ever come to my attention.

My regretfully disposed-of copies get extra mileage because I pass them along to my uncle at the Illinois Masonic

Home at Sullivan, Ill. They are most welcome there.

Mr. MacFarlane's letter is typical of many. We're always glad to hear that readers think highly enough of TOGETHER to share their copies.—Eds.

One Difference

DOROTHY E. SMITH

Akron, Ohio

We were searching through popular magazines for pictures to illustrate a 4-H poster on health, and ready to give up because nearly all the pictures showed a cigarette or a glass in hand or a sexy pose. Then I remembered my stack of TOGETHER magazines. Here we quickly found many pictures to illustrate healthy, wholesome living. This really brought home to me the difference between TOGETHER and other magazines.

Solace and Help for Widows

REV. DAVID A. DENSLOW, Pastor

Christ Methodist Church

Tampa, Fla.

I would like to quote, to you and your readers, a recent letter from one of our oldest members—a lady who lives several miles away:

"I do so appreciate the church bulletins and our papers, TOGETHER and Mature Years. . . . I want to ask you a question. In the last TOGETHER is an article *So You're a Widow Now* [June, 1959, page 35]. I have a dear friend who lost her husband six weeks tomorrow, and I took my TOGETHER to her, and she read and reread that article so much I gave her my copy. She has several friends who recently lost their husbands and she asked me to ask you if you know of a way she might get some copies of the article. It has been so much comfort to her. . . ."

I am putting a paragraph in our bulletin, asking some members to spare their copies of the June issue, and I will take them to her.

Eye Bank—'Modern Miracle'

MISS LUCILLE MILLER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I Give My Eyes to the Blind [March, 1959, page 60] reminded me of a modern miracle which perhaps not all your readers know about: It is possible for any person wishing to do so to will his eyes to an eye bank. After death, a part of the eye is transplanted to a blind person, resulting in sight restoration. Any hospital can provide more detailed information.

WHAT
YOU'VE
ALWAYS
WANTED

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including MEDICAL CARE

HOW TO COMPUTE COST

A man, age 65, may pay as little as \$7,500 for an apartment and \$27,258 for prepaid life care. The sum, \$34,758, if considered on the basis of the remaining years of his life, would amount to \$181.03 per month. Costs at other ages are less.

Examples	
AGE	TOTAL
70	\$30,008
75	25,481
80	21,353

Above figures are based on a \$7,500 apartment. Life care fee, included in above figures, is established by actuarial life-expectancy tables.



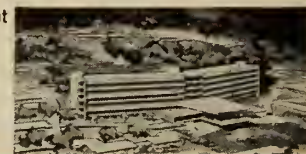
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One of the retirement homes owned and operated by Pacific Homes, a non-profit corporation of the Southern California-Arizona Conference of THE METHODIST CHURCH.



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APPLICATIONS FROM METHODISTS RECEIVE PREFERENTIAL CONSIDERATION

RELIGION 'NO ISSUE.' Bishop John Wesley Lord has told the New England Southern Annual Conference that if Sen. John Kennedy (D.-Mass.) is a presidential candidate, the issue will not be "whether he is a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, but what he stands for."

INVITE UNCHURCHED TO EXPLORE. Hawaiian Methodists have organized "inquirer" classes to let non-Christians explore the Christian faith. They are being urged to make a commitment, not to the Christian life, but to join a class to find out more about Christianity. Hawaii Mission Superintendent Harry S. Komuro reports the experiment is bringing good results.

GRAIN BARGAIN. Dr. Daniel E. Taylor, Board of World Peace secretary, wants the U.S. and Canada to give 40 tons of grain free to any nation buying 60 tons. His aim: to stimulate needy nations to buy grain for their hungry people.

IMPORTANT MONTHS AHEAD. Decisions made by The Methodist Church in the next 16 months "will determine the destiny of Methodism for the next 10 years." So believes Dr. James W. Sells of Atlanta, an executive secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Council. Speaking to Florida laymen, he said it takes four years to get a General Conference program under way. By the time the local churches have given full support to one program, he says, the General Conference has started two others.

THREE MEMBERS FOR ONE. In the 50 years between 1906 and 1956 membership in U.S. religious bodies soared from 32.9 million to 100.1 million, late surveys now show.

SHUN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BAN. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada has rejected a bid to support abolition of capital punishment. Opponents of the move include the church's Board of Evangelism and Social Action. [Methodism's Social Creed deplores the use of capital punishment.]

FILM TO SHOW RED TYRANNY. The National Lutheran Council has engaged the writer-producer team of the film Martin Luther to make a new movie in Europe on Christianity's current struggle under Communism.
(More church news on page 66.)



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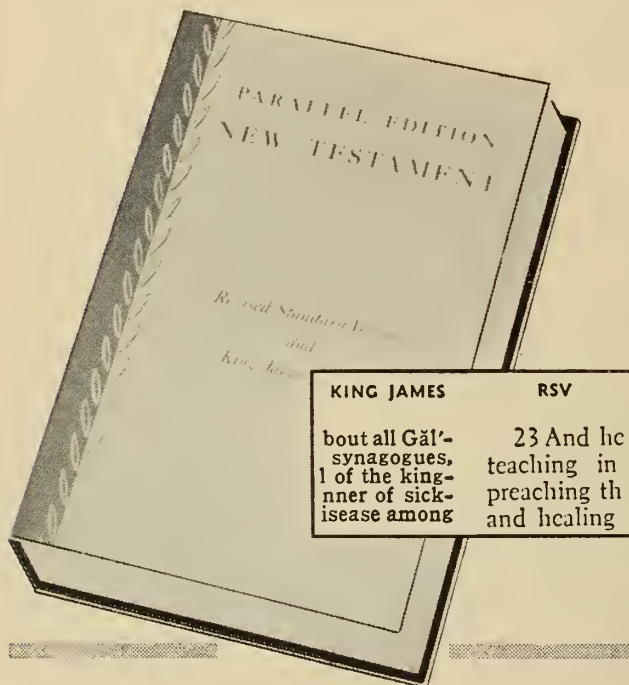
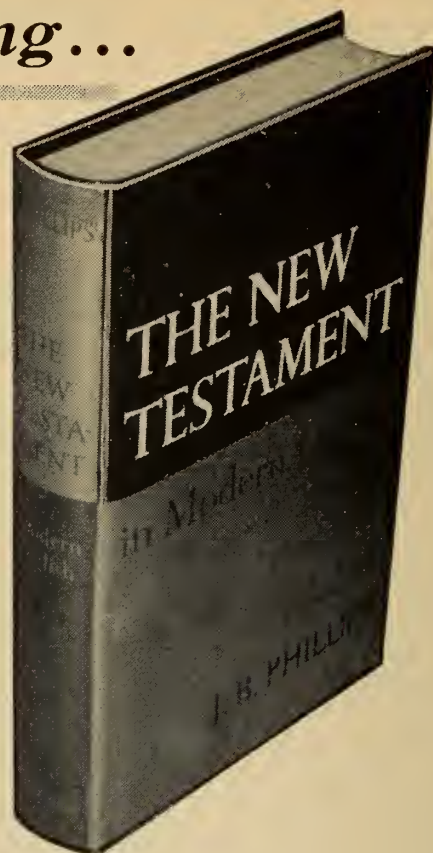
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✚ *Personal Testimony*

The author has served two years as president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth, which meets this month in Brevard, N.C. A Californian, he plans to enter the ministry.



MY 'SILENT GENERATION'

By John E. Corson

MY GENERATION has been labeled by some "The Silent Generation." These words of accusation—sometimes even of condemnation—have caused discussion in the Church and in society as a whole. For it is generally agreed, I think, that when today's young people are compared with those of the last generation, there is a noticeable difference in attitude, commitment, and concern.

Is this change to be found only among young people? I doubt it; it seems to me the same differences can be observed when we compare adults of today and yesterday. However, as a young man myself, I shall keep the spotlight only on my own generation.

There seems to be a recurring theme among my contemporaries which has helped me understand the reasons for their silence. It echoes the thinking of Jeremiah when he said, "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I do not know how to speak, for I am only a youth."

My generation interprets this idea in different ways. For some, it becomes a blanket excuse to say nothing. The result is conformity, apparent indifference, and a muffled voice.

Others, looking at life and the world in which they live, are overawed by the vastness and complexity of it all. Silence seems the best solution to the problems surrounding them.

Members of still another group feel they have

been let down by their elders. In their view, the Church has not proclaimed the good news of Jesus Christ clearly enough. Too often, it has been less than the full Gospel; they, therefore, are uncommitted—and silent.

Yes, my generation, on the whole, has been silent. Yet a vocal minority has been speaking out. Most often, we have been ignored—but occasionally we have been heard. At times we are tempted to join our contemporaries who say nothing—but we cannot do this in the midst of a sinful society and sinful men. We know we are personally involved in this predicament of man. And we cannot be silent merely because we are young!

The vocal element in my generation is raising serious questions which the Church cannot ignore. If the Church is to minister effectively to these young people, it must be willing to listen—and provide answers. The Church must be more deeply concerned, too, about the silent generation in her midst. When the Church is conscious of her outspoken young people at the expense of her silent ones, her future witness is in grave danger. This truth cuts two ways:

While the Church is seeking an understanding of why so many have remained silent, these youths must accept their responsibilities as active churchmen. Upon this dynamic interchange rests the future of the Church.

Cheers for the New Woman

By KATHRYN LORING

IS TODAY'S young woman so different from her mother? Is she more competent? Or is she bogged down in the meshes of a cynical, "beat" generation? Was there ever a generation of young people whose wisdoms and follies weren't debated by their elders?

Once there were dire predictions concerning the future of the so-called flapper. But there also were those who could see in her the virtues, as well as the human shortcomings, of a girl searching for the elusive threshold of maturity.

The point where young people surpass their parents' efforts is the point at which the world really moves forward. It's the threshold to broader horizons. Unless it's attained, there's stagnation. And you never quite know where that subtle point begins, so interlaced, so complex, is the relationship between mother and daughter, father and son.

I watched our new-generation woman carefully as she shed her pigtails and grew up. And to me, she's nothing short of wonderful in her new self-sufficiency and age-old femininity.

Generalities can be cockeyed. So my references are to specific young women. One belongs to the maturing college crop. One is a clear-eyed married down the street. One is a career girl.

Nine times out of ten, such young women have a broader vision than their mothers had at their age. Today's young woman is better educated. She's more widely traveled. And she's more tolerant, with a courtesy-of-the-heart tolerance developed through firsthand contacts

with those of many other races, religions, and customs.

She knows more of current events, politics, music, art, and human relations than her mother did. She is more sophisticated, with a bright sophistication that often is a brave cloak to hide hurts or heartaches, or misunderstandings.

For all that, she's still fundamentally like the generation of women that preceded her—like most women of most generations. Her greatest yearnings revolve around love and marriage, children and a home—but she's more frank about it all.

She isn't fooled as often as her mother was by Hollywood concepts of American love life. She has been schooled by a franker era of doctors, marriage counselors, teachers, and ministers.

She is more likely to analyze boy and girl relationships in psychological and psychiatric terms—sometimes avoiding the misused word "love" altogether. She's more likely to evaluate traits of character and personal habits in a prospective mate—not with the thought of turning thumbs down on someone with many imperfections, but because she's making an honest effort to determine if his total personality traits and hers would be compatible.

She is self-sufficient enough not to feel the necessity of proving that she is. She is far enough removed from the suffragette era that she doesn't feel the need of challenging, as her mother often did, man's superiority.

In short, she delights in being a woman.

She can mind her own baby, bridge the emergency of watching

her sick neighbor's young brood, and do her household chores with streamlined gadgets while dashing off letters for her Community Fund and preparing dinner for six guests. She can whip up a fine bouillabaisse or soufflé at an age when her mother was likely to be thinking it pretty cute not to know how to cook. Or she's perfectly willing to go on career-ing while her husband gets a toe hold in his chosen profession.

She's realistic and idealistic at the same time. If she errs, it may be that she is a little spoiled because she has started at the top and expects more of life than women in the past. Maybe she tries to do too many things at once. Maybe in her fierce pride she's likely to let you think that she knows more of the answers than she does—or maybe she sometimes thinks she knows more of the answers than she does.

In her searchings for truth and adjustments to her responsibilities, she's likely to be more impatient with emotional problems and frustrations than her mother. Maybe she hasn't quite learned that wisdom and knowledge are things apart. Maybe she knows in theory, but hasn't quite learned for herself, that the best part of love is to give it. She's only human and she still needs intelligent understanding and large dosages of love to help her over the rough spots. But by the time she adds the perspective of a few years to her present perceptions, she'll be quite a woman.

And what about her husband? Do the two of them together hold the promise in their young hands of a richer, fuller life than the generation



*She can mind her own baby, bridge
the emergency of watching her sick neighbor's
young brood, and do her household chores
while dashing off letters for her
Community Fund and preparing dinner for six guests.*

past? Are they wise enough for marriage and the large families they are having?

I think so. Especially after hearing a young father give quiet assurance that he believes there is a strengthening tendency in his generation to grow in the third dimension; that he wants a good life for his family, and a good life doesn't mean just the physical things.

"An adequacy of housing and food, certainly," he said. "But fellows of my generation like to spend more time with their families; they like to spend more time in search of what I would term beauty and truth and true values.

"We're on a treadmill, of course, when we obligate ourselves to bring home any kind of bacon. But we aren't living in the kind of depression our parents lived through, where thinking hit a pretty horizontal level for a long while because

it was narrowed to an intense struggle for necessities. The obsession for material things snowballed and continued after the depression was over.

"The shaky state of the world influences our thinking and hastens our decisions—but there's nothing gained by panic.

"Of course, most of us want our wives at home. That's the way it should be!"

And what is the new woman's response to this?

Ten to one, you'll find she's happy to give up the career for which she is so well qualified, if that pleases her husband. She takes pride in having her husband want her to stay home.

"My ambition?" asked the career girl. "To have the man of my dreams support me. No more office for me! Of course, I'll go on writing the great American novel, but I'll have my own private fame and fortune right

in my own private home—in between and after children!"

"Our children," said the pretty young mother, "are more important than anything! I wouldn't dream of going back to work now—even if it means we can't buy a house for a while.

"There are times when I'm fed up and think I'll go crazy if I don't get away from diapers and bottles and babies. But for all that, I'd never want to miss out on watching them grow up. There'll be time for hobbies and other outlets when they're older."

"When mine are school age," chimed in another, "I'll teach again. But right now I'm so busy using child psychology at home, I haven't time to think of a career. Besides," she added with finality, "my husband wouldn't allow me."

Best of all, I think, is this pride in acceding to a husband's wishes con-

getting along Together

The teacher of a class of young boys asked them to tell the meaning of loving kindness.

One pupil replied, "If I was hungry and someone gave me a piece of bread and butter, that would be kindness. But if they put lots of jam on it, that would be loving kindness."

—MRS. BERTHENE RUNNINGER, *Franklin, Pa.*

My nine-year-old son, Gary, had a schoolboy fight with his best friend, whose father then forbade Gary to come to his house or play with his son.

A short time later, Gary came home on a bitter day, so cold he had tears in his eyes. When I chided him about not wearing his coat, his older brother said, "He gave it to Bill," the younger brother of Gary's friend. "Why did you do that?" I asked, annoyed.

"He didn't have a coat," Gary answered, "and he is just a little kindergarten boy. I thought he needed it more than I did."

Two days later the boys' father invited Gary to a party—and told him to come back any time.

—MRS. DEWEY DONATO, *Pueblo, Colo.*

A 15-year-old boy in a children's home stuttered. It was agony for him to talk to strangers.

One day, after a funeral service, we all went out to the burial plot. The minister had been detained; there was no one on hand to offer prayer. The boy asked, "Shouldn't there be prayer?" I nodded, "Yes." He stepped forward and without once stuttering, reverently offered a heartfelt prayer.

Later he explained to me, "I don't stutter when I talk to God. He loves me."

—MRS. GLADYS IVES, *Mount Hope, Kans.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.

cerning the home, in being a woman and a wife and mother.

And what about the Church and church school?

"Just another hectic morning," quipped one young mother, "to get all the children into their best bib and tucker. But seriously, aren't we all searching to understand the unknown and find the key to basic truths?"

"I don't believe that one particular church, or even religion itself, is the only medium through which life may be revealed. But I believe religion does hold the answers. Often we're too busy to think about them. But we must learn to face with goodness and courage everything that confronts us. Religion, I believe, offers the key.

"The church I chose gives me a sense of security through familiarity of associations."

"I think," a young man put in, "that this generation may be more independent of the Church as an organization than were past generations. Our social lives aren't so centered in the Church as were those of our parents. Religious worship and social life are separated more surely now. Maybe that makes us demand higher standards for the Church organization."

"We believe," declared another, "that a community would not be a good community without a church. We want our children to go to church school. We want guidance in our search for deep faith. But we want highly intelligent, earnestly sincere guidance. We don't want our children taught by untrained, narrowly sectarian teachers. We'd rather listen to no sermon at all than to one that isn't spiritually stimulating."

I'm sure that many more young people would breathe spirit, enthusiasm, and life into the Church—instead of giving it perfunctory support or deciding their religion will be practiced outside the Church—if they had the personal, warmhearted encouragement of laymen and ministers who measure up to their ideals.

Some, as they approach maturity, feel keenly the hurt and disillusion of seeing pettiness and jealousies and narrow prejudices among members of a church they love. Of suddenly becoming aware of the many who devoutly profess religious beliefs

which they fail to practice in the little ways that count. And there's the eye opener of sometimes finding more real kindness among those outside the Church than among those within. Of noting the ones who go only to see and be seen. Of discovering that some zealous churches seem more eager for their dollars than for *them*.

It takes time to realize that the faults are of the people and not of the Church.

That was something dearly learned by one brown-eyed Vassar graduate who grew up in a home indifferent about the Church. "It wasn't until I was in college and taking a course in religion," she told me, "that my mind was challenged about the Bible's teachings. The Bible was torn apart in the classroom but not put back together. And I went into marriage with a questioning, frustrated feeling about religion."

And then she came to share her husband's peaceful, deep belief and faith. It was a faith challenged and deepened when he faced what seemed certain death during the war and then miraculously recovered.

That faith was challenged again during the couple's first experience in belonging to a church together. They found ill feeling growing against their young minister, who was, in turn, displaying pettiness unbecoming to one of the pulpit.

They spent a year away from any church—and felt a great gap in their lives. So they tried again, another church of the same denomination.

They attended parents' church-school classes and found "searching questions are encouraged, new ideas are invited, thoughts are stimulated." They volunteered as teachers of five-year-olds. They felt the tingling thrill of the discoverer when they found everything they hoped for—a church beautifully organized but completely flexible and wide open to new ideas and methods, with ministers who won respect, admiration, and friendship.

And now they will tell you "the closer our lives can be associated with the Church, the happier we will be—both for our own sakes and that of our children."

This old world won't be perfect—but I think it will grow in stature in our young people's hands.

This banker-layman's 'tithing with talents' is producing

Miracle Millions for the Mustangs

By NORTH BIGBEE

ALMOST ANYBODY in Dallas, or Texas for that matter, can tell you something about the achievements of Eugene McElvaney in the oil industry and banking. But the accomplishments that admittedly warm the cockles of this banker's heart have nothing to do with making money for himself. McElvaney is a pioneer in tithing with skills—a technique which, he says, any layman can put to use for the benefit of his church.

McElvaney's skills happen to be in banking and finance. Tithing with them, he has, among other things:

- Arranged for an additional \$15-million endowment for SMU without costing the institution a nickel.
- Sewed up for that Methodist-related school a \$265,000 strip of property, just as it was about to be gobbled up by real-estate interests. On that 20-acre plot today stands SMU's \$2.5-million coliseum.
- Influenced wealthy laymen to remember SMU in their wills.
- And yet has found time for such human touches as sending snapshots of winsome youngsters, taken on a European tour, to their parents—and enjoying a continuing correspondence with them.

McElvaney, in whose veins flows the blood of ancient Scottish clans, once summed up his philosophy in two significant sentences:

"Religious faith is the greatest and most precious asset of mankind. From it inevitably flows to the inner self an infinite and ceaseless power."

Behind all this stands a newsboy's \$25 pledge toward SMU's building fund at a Methodist church meeting in Denison, Tex., 49 years ago.



Gene McElvaney's oil financing takes him far afield: Above, he relaxes beside a rig in South America.

Gene was 12 that Sunday afternoon in 1910. In the Waples Memorial Church, Dr. Robert S. Hyer had just finished a stirring appeal for funds to establish Southern Methodist University "for the perpetuation of Christian higher education in the Southwest."

"I'll give \$25," Gene piped. A few elders gasped, then looked at the determined face and nodded. The \$25 was all the youngster had in his savings account. But the necessity of SMU had suddenly become clear. So he spoke his mind. And his lifelong association with SMU was born.

The newspaper route and odd-jobbing paid his tuition at a Denison

business college. Then he found a part-time job in Dallas and enrolled in SMU. It was 1916. Soon Sophomore McElvaney became Sergeant McElvaney in the Army Medical Corps and strode unscathed through six major battles in France. Before Uncle Sam called, Gene had been, as he shyly calls it, "sort of a junior rewrite man and copyreader" in helping Frank Reedy, the SMU bursar, prepare his Sunday-school lessons. At war's end, Reedy offered him a \$175-a-month job. On this, Gene married his long-time sweetheart, Sue King, daughter of a Whitewright, Tex., banker.

Gene's skill with the Sunday-

school lectures led him to other writing efforts. One evening Sue's parents told a house guest that their son-in-law had just won a \$100 prize in an essay contest. B. A. McKinney, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas, hoisted his eyebrows and asked questions. A few weeks later, McKinney invited Gene to become his secretary at \$225 a month. And within a year, the secretary was deftly handling not only McKinney's letters but the first drafts of his official reports and speeches. So when McKinney switched to a vice-presidency at the First National Bank, McElvaney moved over, too.

Six months later, Gene was hurrying across the lobby of that bank when a voice roared, "Come here, boy." He jumped and turned. Nathan Adams, the bank's president, was glowering at him and beckoning. Gene sighed. Adams, he thought, didn't even know him; probably, he thought, he was about to be sent to the corner for cigars.

The president eyed the boy up and down, carefully bit the end from a fresh stogie. "Son," he drawled, "how'd you like to take over the credit department?"

"I'd like it fine, sir," McElvaney heard a voice saying. "That's the job I want most."

THREE minutes later, back at his desk, he realized the voice had been his own. And that was how the door which led to SMU's miracle millions began to swing open. Three decades ago, it really opened wide. In 1930, the East Texas oil field splashed on Dallas' doorstep. Petroleum finance was as pioneer a field then as atomic science now. Gene spent his evenings poring over every available book on the subject, studying every possible approach to what bankers generally considered the riskiest of all credit ventures—lending money on oil in the ground. Gradually he felt secure enough to advise large loans to independent producers, with proven oil reserves as "subterranean collateral." It was a new form of financing—and it changed oil from a gamble to a business. Since then, First National has lent more than \$2 billion on oil—and Gene has been responsible for most of it.

Cattlemen who saw wealth gush

in "to ruin the best dang pasture land we ever had" . . . leathery, steel-eyed wildcatters—tweedy executives from old-line firms, all joined the Worshipful Company of McElvaney Admirers. The admiration turned to bluff fondness as they watched the poker-faced Scotsman's opportunities for profit go not to the McElvaney account but up the hill to SMU's growing campus and . . . yes, horror of horrors, even to that football arch-enemy, Texas Christian University in Fort Worth.

McElvaney has helped swell SMU's fortune by use of "faith power" and his own talents. Take that land on which the school's coliseum stands today. When Gene first heard of it, real-estate dealers were hedging the campus with apartment houses. McElvaney, alarmed, wrote to 50 friends. Within a week, 42 responded with pledges for the \$265,000 needed to purchase the last available 20 acres of land adjoining the campus. And there the coliseum was built.

Under the spell of the same persuasiveness, many Texas Methodists have rewritten their wills to leave the bulk of their estates to SMU. Others have deeded all their holdings to SMU with the sole stipulation that they receive SMU's average annual return on these invested funds for the rest of their lives.

But perhaps the most spectacular demonstration of this Methodist layman's tithing-with-talents is his feat in enriching SMU's endowments to the tune of \$15 million, thanks to his tenacity and financial know-how.

It took long months of intricate financial negotiations involving many millions of dollars and as many setbacks. And it stretched his reserves of diplomacy to the utmost as he dealt with taciturn lenders, hard-headed oilmen, and such busy Hollywood film stars as Bob Hope and

Bing Crosby. But today, across Texas' second largest oil field in Scurry County, 43 wells and surrounding leases have the Mustangs' tag on their rigs. They are expected to net some \$15 million for SMU before 1980 . . . and didn't cost the university one thin dime. Eugene McElvaney had the satisfaction, too, of seeing SMU's Ponies Oil Company born out of the gigantic reorganization he had masterminded—but he spent two weeks in bed recuperating from the nervous strain. His fee for the job? Nothing!

Actually, he suggested that his services deserved a commission—but he directed the sellers to "pay" this as cash gifts to SMU—amounting thus far to \$161,000. Also, the customary bonus of one half of one per cent on the unpaid loan balance, which rewards the company signing the notes, will average \$35,000 yearly for 15 years, or \$525,000. Thus the university's cash gain by then will be nearly \$700,000.

Longer deferred, but far larger, is that ultimate income from oil. The Ponies Oil Company—named for the university's colorful Mustang teams and managed by several university trustees—acquired title to 43 wells and surrounding leases. After all loans are paid, it will come out with a 60 per cent net profit interest. Over the field's then-remaining life this is expected to yield at least \$15 million to SMU.

No backslapper or joke teller, the trim, erect McElvaney has inherited the Scotsman's love for quiet humor and "philosophy with a chuckle in it." He views his church work and labor-of-good-citizenship just as frankly.

Typically, his younger son, Bill, entered the Methodist ministry. Once when Bill brought a Japanese student home for Christmas, the banker greeted the youth with bland indifference. Ten minutes later, the phone rang. The Japanese student's parents were shrilling excitedly into a wall phone in their home village, 6,000 miles across the Pacific. Eugene McElvaney had placed a call as a Christmas surprise for the student, then ducked back into his pose of studied disinterest.

And Mrs. McElvaney, who had found pleasure for many years in the company of her church sewing

"Many people take no care of their money till they come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time." —GOETHE

circle, was puzzled over how to show her regard for them. Gene sat in seeming bored patience as she talked about it. Then one night he came home with a packet of papers and handed them to her: he had chartered a yacht for circle members and their husbands! So, that summer, 14 Texans cruised from Dallas to Alaska and back . . . and Sue McElvaney said her "thank you" for friendships.

Again, Mrs. Dan McNulty paced the Mustang-gallop of McElvaney's office as his private secretary. One day she fainted from nervous exhaustion and was whisked off to the bank's medical consultant. Next morning, the boss phoned her.

"I'm not going to call you every day to see how you feel," he told her. "Take the time you need to get well. If that's a year from now, it'll be all right. Good-by."

Gene's not one of those "drop-in" Christians who drops into church on Sunday to drop something in the collection plate.

"He comes," says the Rev. W. H. Dickinson, Jr., of Highland Park Methodist Church, "whenever he is in town. But, more than that, he's a seven-day Christian. He gives thought, time, and energy all week to church causes."

AN astute church educator told me a few months ago as we left McElvaney's office, "There is a modern pioneer. Responsible Christian leadership like this is as meaningful to the future of the church and its institutions as the circuit riders and great preachers were to the 19th-century development. Gene has pointed the way toward a stewardship that tithes time, energy, and thought for the church all week long. With operational costs soaring everywhere, his example can prove to be the great hope of tomorrow for thousands of churches and hundreds of private colleges."

Gene didn't hear the conversation, of course. If he had, he would probably have listened for a moment to the distant music of those ancient bagpipes playing outside Holyrood, saluted them with a twinkle of his eyes, and started talking about something else . . . an investment fund for church schools, probably.

If FAILURE could be spelled SUCCESS



ONCE I LONGED to be an artist—to put on canvas awe-inspiring scenes or the classic features of a Madonna. Instead, I have only taught my children the grace and symmetry of the falling snowflakes, to enjoy the unparalleled coloring of an after-rain sunset, the iridescent flash of beauty of a bird on the wing.

Once I thought I would write music, the melody of which would equal the sounds of harps played by angels, with lyrics to touch the most granitelike hearts of the human race—and what have I done? Sung my babies to sleep by crooning lullabies, or told them imaginary tales as they hung about my knee in wide-eyed wonder.

Once I dreamed I'd be a bluestocking with half the letters of the alphabet trailing my name, announcing to an openmouthed world my profound knowledge. But, as it turned out, I found myself trying to teach the children the simple A-B-Cs of obedience, truthfulness, fair play, and forgiveness.

Once I wanted to be an oratorical genius, moving audiences to tears or laughter with a mere phrase or two. My accomplishments? Memorizing

such poems as *Trees*, *Teach Me To Pray*, and such lines as *I shall not pass this way again*.

Once I desired great wealth with which to endow libraries—but all I've had to give were small gifts and notes to isolated shut-ins whose gratitude made me a Carnegie.

Once I was positive I could design and fashion cloth into garments which would make Beau Brummells of the wearers—and what have I created? Bright curtains for the kitchen window, made long and short stitches over and under to close a yawning gap where a fidgety toe had gone through, or an appliqué on rompers where a snag had made an unmerciful exposé of a chubby leg.

Yes, I even longed when I was much younger for blue ribbons to be hung on never-before-heard-of specimens of floriculture—and all I can recall are the flowering morning glories which tumbled pell-mell over the cherry-tree stumps, and the childlike faces of pansies by the back porch.

Someone has said, "Success is advancing from failure to failure without losing enthusiasm." Mine I shall try always to keep alive.



FROM BOMBS TO MUSIC. In 1945, when Tomoko Hata was a 15-year-old schoolgirl, a lone American plane unleashed the A-bomb on her home, Hiroshima. Tomoko was spared; the blast demolished her school and killed 336 pupils and teachers—but missed the munitions factory where she and a number of schoolmates had been assigned part-time work. Now, with no lingering hatred in her heart, Tomoko is a Crusade Scholar at Illinois Wesleyan University. Born a Buddhist but educated in Methodist schools, she ended a long search “for something to believe in and trust” by accepting Christian baptism during her freshman year of college. Her main interest is music, which started with piano lessons when she was a primary pupil at Hiroshima Jo Gakuin, Methodist school and college for girls. Tomoko hopes to go back to that campus—rebuilt since its destruction—as a teacher when she completes her studies at IWU and Methodist-related Boston University. Meanwhile, she has another big aim: to win her Buddhist mother to the Christian fold.

SURVIVOR: For Tomoko Hata, work meant life.

Leaders in the making, these four are typical Methodist Crusade Scholars at U.S. schools.

Unusual Methodists

PACIFIC PASTOR: Six months of prayerful thought put Mikaele T. Dreu on the road that led him to the pulpit.



TEACHER-PREACHER. For years, lay preaching and church youth work were spare-time activities for Mikaele T. Dreu. Reared in a Methodist parsonage, he devoted two decades to teaching in the public schools of his home islands—the Fijis in the South Pacific, where some 87 per cent of the islanders, incidentally, attend Methodist churches. But at a youth camp in 1952, Mika felt in his heart the certainty that he must go further if he was ever to satisfy fully his lifelong ambition to serve his fellow churchmen. With a young son to educate, Mika and his wife knew that his entering the ministry would involve great sacrifices—but after six months of prayerful deliberation, they agreed they could follow no other course. And so Mika started on the road that led to his first pastorate, a 700-member charge. Later, eager to deepen his ministry and urged on by a former Crusade Scholar, he sought—and won—his own Crusade Scholarship for Drew University in Madison, N.J., where he completed his theological studies last June. He has just recently returned home to the islands, his eyes on his twin goals of bringing his people a broader understanding of Christianity—and utilizing the local churches as the core of his long-planned program to help the communities’ young people.

MASTER'S PLAN. Wilhelm Rott, who hails from Bayreuth, Germany, has his sights set on a master's degree from Emory University in 1960. But beyond is an even more important target: after his two years as a Crusade Scholar, Willi will return to his homeland for three years in medical school. This observant, 25-year-old Bavarian is doing more than researching in chemical pharmacology while in the U.S., however; he is setting about, as he phrases it, "learning the country and its people." Already he has turned up several differences with the customs he was used to in his native land. For example, Willi—whose father is a Methodist minister—is amazed at the size and scope of American Methodism. (German Methodists number only some 70,000 and most parishes are small.) Too, he has found Americans are "more questioning, on the lookout for new answers." A regular member of Emory's Wesley Fellowship, he has been impressed, too, by the tolerance of Americans toward new ideas. Academically, Emory students and faculty members are equally impressed by Willi. Said one campus religious leader: "He is humble, yet a man of conviction; hard-working and sensitive to other people." He has just one good-natured lament: in Germany, unlike the U.S., most students don't have to take any exams until the end of the course!



SEEING IS BELIEVING: Wilhelm Rott is learning in school—and more by keeping eyes open.



CHAPLAIN-CHEF. His fellow students at the University of Denver have justification for the high regard in which they hold Rajendra K. Seth of Meerut, India. First of all, he has voluntarily taken charge of the Civic Center Campus chapel office (the university has two campuses), thereby earning the sobriquet, "Downtown Chaplain." Secondly, he is active in a wide assortment of undergraduate and religious activities. And on top of all this, he is an expert chef, with a specialty of curry of chicken and rice—which he teaches neophytes to eat with their fingers. Raj earned a master's degree in business administration last March, continued his studies until June, and now plans to work in this country a year before returning home. He held a bachelor's degree in chemistry, physics, and math, plus a master's in economics, before entering Denver. He also had a background of Methodist leadership and four years as a YMCA director in New Delhi. He is especially interested in helping vanquish illiteracy among his countrymen. In his years as a student in the U.S., Raj has made himself a direct participant in the American way of life—so much so, that as his contribution toward marking the centennial of the great Colorado Gold Rush, he has even grown a beard!

VERSATILE VISITOR: Rajendra K. Seth has a knack for currying friends in Denver.

Flowers and

Should flowers be used at Christian funerals? If so, how?

The Methodist Church has expressed no official view on the problem.

No General Conference has acted on it. There is nothing about it in the Discipline. But many of Together's readers have their own definite beliefs.

That was revealed by letters we received following the appearance of an advertisement reprinting a newspaper column by Dr. George W. Crane, physician, psychologist, and Methodist Sunday-school teacher.

He urged the use of flowers for solace and beauty at the time of bereavement and sorrow. Here we present

typical pro and con reactions. If they do nothing else,

they illustrate the broad spectrum of Methodist

practices and beliefs on funeral customs.—Eds.

LET'S END PAGAN RITUALS!

Amos Jones, Seattle, Wash.

IT SURELY is way past time for Christians to rise up and end the pagan ritual that has so long gripped the people and their pocketbooks, all in the name of doing "the right thing" at the time death strikes.

Our ministers and laymen have both known that only the body of the departed one is laid away to return to the dust. Most of us realize that the only ride we will ever have in a Cadillac is the final one, when obviously we will not enjoy it. The whole show is as wrong from a Christian's standpoint as anything can possibly be.

I know a man who has been a follower of Christ all his life and who now is afflicted with cancer. Can you imagine that he wants banks of flowers at his funeral? I can easily see him hoping that the money, instead, will go for research on cancer. Who was the greatest humanitarian? Was it not our Lord Jesus? Did he not teach us to give to the living? It was none other than Jesus who told the apostles to let the dead bury their dead.

WHY PICK ON THE FLORISTS?

John Dalton, St. Louis, Mo.

I HAVE BEEN A FLORIST for a number of years and a Methodist for approximately 40. I have done everything from cleaning to teaching and preaching.

It is difficult to understand why religious leaders select the flower business as the one to be displaced for memorials. Why not talk against expensive caskets, expensive grave clothes, elaborate funeral coaches, and expensive burying grounds? Not a single voice is raised against these things.

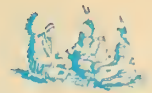
Flowers for centuries have been symbolic of the belief that though a man die he shall live again. Man shall come forth as flowers breaking the winter barrier.

To be sure, churches need funds for buildings, carpets, stained-glass windows, and organs, but let us search out a better way of obtaining the necessary funds than seeking them among the dead. Let us, instead, send forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ with his power to save to the utmost and challenge the living with a big enough cause.

FLOWERS WILT, MEMORIALS DON'T

Mrs. J. B. Nichols, Pensacola, Fla.

I AM WELL AWARE that flowers are symbolic of life, of resurrection, and I believe that some flowers at any church service are a necessary part of the experience of worship. I know of nothing so depressing, however, as the masses of dead flowers, discolored ribbon, and rusting metal to be seen in a cemetery the day after a funeral. These accentuate the concept of death as destruction and decay.



MIDMONTH
POWWOW

Funerals

How much more permanent and life-giving, and symbolic of immortality, is a memorial gift in the deceased's name. How much better to know that children are benefiting from milk than to know that a few chrysanthemums are withering rapidly in the hot sun over a new grave.

FLOWERS MADE HEARTACHE EASIER

Allen R. Reesor, Minister, San Bernardino, Calif.

LAST NOVEMBER I was called home at the death of my father and got there before the memorial flowers had begun to arrive. I was shocked at the coldness of the room, in spite of soft lights, an expensive casket, and beautiful furniture and surroundings. I vowed then that I would never again criticize the extensive use of flowers at funerals.

As friends and relatives came to pay their final respects, flowers began to pile up around the room. Just as the heartache of my family was made easier to bear by warm handclaps so were we inspired by the flowers brought and sent to us.

Was it really a waste? I don't think so. The flowers were of untold value in terms of inspiration to the family. The funeral coach carried only the family flowers. But we were able to send 150 baskets and bouquets to a cancer clinic and a veterans' hospital. Thus these had a second ministry as they brought their fragrance and beauty into rooms of pain and misery.

Some may argue that we spend too much on flowers at funerals—but let's not forget that they mean a great deal to those who are heartbroken.

MILK FOR POOR MORE IMPORTANT

Marjorie W. Avery, Borrego Springs, Calif.

MANY DO NOT BELIEVE that the reality of death must be covered with beautiful half caskets, flowers, subdued lights, music, and an inspirational address. To some people this disguise of death seems false and all out of keeping with their faith.

Jesus said to the disciple who would go to bury his father: "Follow me . . . leave the dead to bury their dead." To me, this would indicate that charity and service to mankind are of much greater importance than elaborate funerals. To salvage the price of milk for tenement children, I would much prefer that my body be cremated or buried in a pine box without benefit of flowers and trimmings.

FLOWERS SPEAK OF SYMPATHY

Mrs. Walter C. Buckner, Fresno, Calif.

MY HUSBAND, who was a Methodist minister for 45 years—a pastor, a district superintendent, and a member of the Judicial Council—often said that flowers helped assuage the sorrow of those bereaved even more than music or the spoken word.

He said that when a family requested gifts for any cause, in lieu of flowers at a funeral service, friends did not send flowers but seldom was any appreciable amount of money given to the desired project.

When I stepped into the church to attend my husband's own beautiful memorial service, the breath-taking beauty of the flowers banked behind the altar lifted my grief-stricken spirit to the very gates of heaven. Each lovely rose and orchid seemed to tell me of someone's love and sympathy.

CHIMES BRING MORE LASTING JOY

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kilton, Sheboygan, Wis.

THE MEMORY of a loved one can be perpetuated best by contributing funeral-flower money to some concrete means of making the world a better place.

The chimes on our church organ are a memorial to a dear friend. Through the intervening years those beautiful tones have made us keenly aware of her presence each time we've heard them.

The chimes have brought something special to everyone in our church. We know that, somewhere, our friend is grateful and glad—happy that her memorial is bringing joy to others and that it didn't crumble to dust and oblivion a few days after she left us.

Since, at best, flowers will last only a very short time, it is extremely shortsighted to invest heavily in so transient a memorial, no matter how beautiful. A large floral display benefits—the florist.

I WOULD WANT FLOWERS

Mrs. Harry R. Mayo, Trenton, Mo.

THERE ARE MANY who feel that lovely flowers express their sentiment better than anything else. And there are many who need the beauty of flowers (and music) to ease the sudden pain of bereavement.

I do not object to the promotion of memorial gifts, but I think that selfish wishes sometimes get involved. The ones who are left make the decisions about flowers



We Are the Endowment

Little Lessons
in Spiritual Efficiency

By ROY L. SMITH

SHE WAS A YOUNG MOTHER, rearing two or three children and managing a household on a modest income. Yet since childhood she had tithed; in fact, one of her earliest agreements with her young husband had been on tithing. From the day of their wedding, one tenth of their income had been dedicated to the work of Christ.

One day, at a time when her church was conducting a building drive, she was visited by another woman who told her: "You have a wonderful church, and I am excited over your new building. But how are you going to finance it? You must have a big endowment."

The younger woman replied, "Yes, we do have a big endowment. We are the endowment! Our incomes are dedicated to the God of all possessions, who is going to put into our hands all the funds we need with which to do everything he expects us to do."

There was something thrilling in the way she said, "We are the endowment!" Only occasionally does a church enjoy a substantial endowment. In most cases the congregation is its only real endowment. And the value of that depends upon the loyalty of the people who make up that endowment. If they are good stewards, then the problems are never serious; if they are indifferent to their stewardship, then the finance commission is beset with difficulties.

Most of us agree that some share of our income belongs to God and is to be administered by us in his behalf. If we are conscientious in that administration, then the church's endowment can be called productive. If our giving is based on whimsey, then our endowment is unproductive.

The young mother was right. We are the church's endowment. A huge investment has been made in us. We have been brought to our spiritual maturity at great cost to the Church. And it should be possible for it to expect dividends from us—generous, dependable, and regular.

The vitality and effectiveness of any congregation is in direct ratio to the honesty and seriousness with which the people accept their responsibility as stewards—another name for the endowment.

The pledge one makes to a church is actually a pledge to God. Those who pledge and forget have done themselves a far more serious damage than that which they have worked upon their church. This is a part of the honor involved in the endowment idea.

We are the endowment—the only thing upon which any church can depend, aside from the power it can expect from the Holy Spirit. And the gift of the spirit has never been squandered upon a church that did not accept its financial stewardship.

and memorial gifts, and I often wonder if the deceased would have approved the decision which is made.

To paraphrase a recent quote in *TOGETHER* by Martin Luther ["Even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still plant my apple tree," April, 1959, page 35], even if I knew that tomorrow the world would go to pieces, I would still want my flowers.

FLOWERS HAVE A PLACE, BUT—

Donald F. Kelley, Pastor, Chesapeake, Ohio

WHEN I have suggested that friends send money for a memorial fund it has not been to provide for some charity as primary motive. Neither has it been to strip the ceremony of flowers. If flowers seem appropriate in worship, then certainly they should be natural in funeral worship.

There will always be a place for a sensible arrangement of flowers at the Christian funeral-worship service. But many ministers would testify with me that they have been in dozens of funerals where there was hardly room for all the flowers.

What many of us object to is the hundreds of dollars spent on flowers at many funerals. I do not think we can avoid the fact that the florists and funeral directors in many localities are taking advantage of sorrow for financial gain.

CUSTOM CONFLICTS WITH FAITH

Bruce D. Rahtjen, Pastor, Jersey City, N.J.

MINISTERS face a direct conflict between custom and our Christian faith in the matter of funeral practices, and we have lacked the moral courage to take a stand.

I cannot think of any possible justification for the squandering of hundreds of dollars on flowers so that they can be crammed into a room where a dead body is displayed. The foundations and funds which have been set up to channel into useful projects the money which could have been wasted on "rooms full of flowers" have done a wonderful piece of work and deserve our commendation.

FLOWERS ARE FOR THE LIVING

Mrs. Sadey F. Koenig, Buffalo Lake, Minn.

WHERE DO people get the idea that flowers at funerals are given to the deceased? At our baby daughter's funeral a 225-pound man brought a tiny pink rose which had bloomed in his garden long after the other roses had stopped. His explanation: "I think God prepared it just for this occasion." Neighborhood children came with flowers from their gardens until the dining room was literally covered with them.

For our 19-year-old son's funeral, bouquets came from numerous groups in more than four towns, including lilies sent by a priest from his garden. So many people could hardly have expressed their love and sympathy with fewer flowers and memorials. For more than 20 years their memory has comforted us.

Memorial gifts are fine if they are not tainted with an "I am holier than thou" attitude toward flowers. The people who shout, "Give flowers to the living!" forget that that is exactly to whom, and for whom, flowers are given at funerals. Wild flowers, garden flowers, cut flowers—all convey the language of the heart.

The Front Porch

*It was not intended for teens,
and father disapproved until . . .*



George Brown was angry. "Can't they go someplace else?" he demanded. "They're here day and night. Don't other parents have porches?"



By LILA SHEPPARD

GEORGE BROWN paced. And as he paced he raved.

"We screened the porch so we'd have a pleasant place to sit on summer evenings. And what happens? Giggling teen-age females and boys with feet like an elephant! They take up the whole blamed porch."

"I wish you'd sit down, George." Pamela Brown lowered her magazine and pushed back her hair with a limp hand. "It's so hot and you just make it seem hotter when you pace like that."

"Exactly. It's hot. So we have a

screened porch where there might be a breeze. But we have to—"

The screen door slammed and size 12 footsteps tiptoed across the porch. They stopped at the living-room door and a boy draped his big frame in the doorway.

"Hi, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Brown. Hot, isn't it?"

George's face turned red and he opened his mouth.

"It certainly is," agreed Pamela, quickly. "Do you want something, Jack?"

"Just a drink of water. Can't seem

to get enough this weather." He disappeared kitchenward.

"Every glass in the cupboard will be down in the sink before the evening is over," fumed George as he sank into a chair.

"Just be glad you don't have to wash them, dear."

A piercing scream from the front porch brought George bounding out of his chair. "Holy smoke! What happened?"

"Probably nothing. They just enjoy noise," suggested Pamela.

"Can't Betsy tell them to pipe

down? I don't see how you stand it every day of the week, Pam. Can't they go someplace else? They're here day and night. Don't other parents have porches? Can't these kids go swimming or something?"

"They go swimming whenever a mother has a car to take them. And once in a while they go to Ellie's house. But Ellie's front porch is too small."

"What about Mary Ryan's? They have a big one—bigger than ours," George continued.

"The neighbors complained. Mary's folks can't antagonize them."

"What's the matter with our neighbors? Are they deaf?"

"With Mrs. Elliot working all day it's not so bad. If she glares in the evening I just go out and start telling her the neighborhood news and she gets over it."

"And Grandma Orrin says she turns off her hearing aid when it gets too noisy on her side."

"Well, I don't have one to turn off," commented George, moving to get up, "and I'm——"

Squeals and shrieks rose from the front yard. George headed for the door and Pam followed. The lawn was a squirming mass of wrestling boys and cheering girls.

Betsy yelled an explanation. "Jack and Gary have a bet on, Daddy." The rest was lost in hubbub.

SUDDENLY it was over and the perspiring boys got up; chunks of sod dotted the yard.

"That does it!" George headed for the porch.

"Golly, look what we did to the lawn," said Gary, picking up several pieces of sod and trying to fit them into the holes. "It's all dug up."

"Yeah." Jack hitched up his pants and smoothed back his hair. "Guess we should have stayed on the sidewalk."

"Oh, don't worry about it," came Betsy's voice. "Daddy's an absolute lamb about things like that."

"I'm——," George began. But he stopped as Pam dug her elbow into his ribs. She turned to the boys: "That exercise must have made you thirsty. Betsy, why don't you make a pitcher of lemonade and bring it out here on the porch?"

"Gosh, that'll be swell, Mrs.

Brown," piped the girls in a chorus.

Pam looked around. "There aren't so many boys around here lately. Are you girls scaring them off?"

"Naw," Jack volunteered. "When the Ryans told us we couldn't come around so often, some of the boys got touchy. They said if people don't want them around they can find better things to do."

Pam slipped her arm through George's and piloted him down the steps. "It's a little cooler," she suggested. "Let's stroll."

"Think you're smart, don't you?" blustered George as they walked away. "But I'm going to tell them, Pam. I really am! The Ryans have the right idea. Parents have some rights. As soon as the Ryans told them off, the boys found other places to go. They shouldn't be just sitting around here all day, anyway."

"They're at the difficult in-between age, George. They're too old to play children's games and too young to be able to find summer jobs or drive cars."

"Thank heaven for that much!"

"Yes, I suppose we have that worry coming," Pam admitted.

George was not giving in: "But we don't have to put up with this. If they're still there when we get back I'm going to tell them. And that's final!"

Pam side-stepped. "Let's walk over to Stumble Inn and have a soda."

When they reached home the kids were gone. Betsy was hanging up the phone, her face stark. George didn't notice. He said, "You should be in bed, Hon."

Betsy's head dropped on the phone stand and she sobbed.

"Bets, what's up?" George pulled her to her feet and cradled her head against his shoulder. It took Betsy a few minutes to stop. Finally she raised her head. "Those boys, Daddy. They were caught by the police tonight—stealing things out of cars at the park."

"Not the boys who were here!" Pam exclaimed. There was a note of anxiety in her voice.

"No, the ones that weren't here—Terry and Mike and Johnny. They belong to our crowd, but they don't come around any more." And her tears flowed again.

"Maybe the police won't be too

hard on them," Pam suggested, trying to be optimistic.

"We told them last week they were getting too smart." Betsy blew her nose.

"Last week?" Pam and George exchanged glances.

"Yes, they went up in the Mayfair section where there aren't any cops around and broke street lights and fences."

"Weren't they caught?"

"No, and they bragged about it."

"What gets into these crazy kids?" demanded George.

"They're not crazy, Daddy. They're just like the rest of us—bored and looking for kicks."

"And that's what they need—right in the seat of their pants!" George meant it.

THERE was a minute of silence. Then Pam said, "Let's go up to bed, Bets. I'll go up with you."

When Pam returned 15 minutes later, George was standing on the front walk. She joined him. The night felt cool after the stored-up heat of the house. Pam took a deep breath and looked at George.

"Did you hear what Betsy said, George? Looking for kicks. Bored—at their age! It's frightening."

George didn't answer. He was staring at the house and pulling at his lip. Then he walked across the lawn and partway up the drive, deep in thought.

"George, didn't you hear me?" Pam called.

"Sure. Kids need more to do. Parents'll have to help." At the corner of the house, he turned abruptly and took three measured strides toward the driveway.

"George, what in the world?"

"We have a good nine or ten feet here, Pam. If we opened up this end of the porch, why couldn't we build an addition around this corner? And we could go back as far as we want. It would make a whopping big porch."

Pam stared while she took in his meaning. Then she slipped her arm through his and squeezed happily. "George, that's a wonderful idea. Those boys must know how to handle a hammer and saw."

George grinned. "Thank the Lord it's on Grandma Orrin's side."

Turned down? Don't worry:

Some College Wants You!

By **WILLIAM E. CLARK**

*Associate Director, General Conference Commission
on Christian Higher Education*



*Vacancies for '59 graduates still
exist—but time is growing short!*

HAS YOUR favorite college turned you down for entrance this autumn? Cheer up! Although you've heard often that colleges are overcrowded, even at this late date a number of first-rate institutions have openings. True, many of the main colleges and universities are filled to capacity and are swamped with applicants, even for far into the future. This is especially true among the big-name prestige schools on the North Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

But there are good schools in all parts of the U.S. Scattered through the nation's 1,937 colleges are expected to be several hundred that will have vacancies this fall. A great many of these schools, both large and small, have high academic standards, fine traditions, beautiful campuses, and well-qualified instructors.

Among such excellent schools are the 132 Methodist-related institutions, which include, among others, 74 senior colleges, 8 universities, and 21 junior colleges, with endowments totaling more than \$400 million and an aggregate plant value of \$540 million.

It will pay you to investigate; find out if one of these may not be exactly the school you are seeking. Costs range between \$600 and \$2,000 a year. Some have student bodies of less than 200; others run into the thousands. Do you like big-city surroundings? Some Methodist colleges

are in our largest centers. Or do you prefer rural atmosphere? Plenty of these schools are in small towns. Each has something to offer the discriminating student.

Regardless of whether the college you hope to enter is Methodist related, there are a number of things you can do to help your chances of entry, even at this late date.

If you haven't heard from the school of your choice, write again. If your first application was turned down, ask the admissions officer if subsequent vacancies have occurred.

Actually, a qualified student has a good chance of being accepted up to early September. Educators estimate that one fifth of all places in college freshman classes go vacant every year—and a surprising number of these vacancies occur in good schools which were swamped with applications earlier.

How does this happen? In this way:

High-school graduates know about the heavy demands on college accommodations. Thousands of seniors, therefore, apply to as many as a dozen colleges each. The average applicant may be accepted by four or five colleges. Late in the summer, he chooses one; the others, still expecting him, have an unforeseen vacancy on their hands.

Our church, of course, wants to keep its college doors open to all capable students. We're expanding

older schools to keep pace. And we're building new institutions, too. The newest, the Alaska Methodist University, will be open next year.

If you are a Methodist student interested in a Methodist-related college, you'll find your minister especially helpful. Talk to him about your problem. He usually can suggest an institution which will fit your individual record and aptitude. For literature on the many church-related schools in the U.S., write to:

The Division of Educational Institutions, Board of Education, The Methodist Church, P.O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.

Then, if you can, visit the school of your choice. Walk over the campus. No doubt you'll find good libraries, adequate dormitory facilities, excellent laboratories. Talk to instructors, students, and business officers. Your choice of a college is one of the most important decisions you will ever be called upon to make.

Bear this in mind: There is still time, but it's getting shorter. Other high-school seniors, also turned down by the college they chose first, soon will be doing just as you are doing now. So don't wait too long.

Somewhere, perhaps close to your home, new friends, pleasant academic surroundings, and a good education await you. It's still true—there's a Methodist college for every qualified Methodist student!

Shining ARMOR

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Late playwright and author

*Has the age of glamorous heroes passed?
Or are there unsung Sir Lancelots among us
today? Men like Fred hold the answers.*

ONE WINTER I witnessed a typical theatrical success in New York. On her wedding night, the heroine saw someone she liked better than her husband, and went off with him. A very smart woman, that, witty and wise and so attractively worldly as to make us utterly ashamed of such oafish conduct as 25 years' continuance with the same helpmate.

A short time later, at a movie, my wife and I and 500 others stared wide-eyed at a dashing young gentleman who slept on satin pillows and left his business to be ruined while he went to Europe with a lady who thought life was just one wild party after another.

And a gosh-awful lot of us wished we might be like that. Maybe we couldn't manage the satin pillows, but the cynical attitude, the ha-ha at dull care and the decencies—well, that's pretty smart, even without satin!

Why doesn't somebody discover the glory of doing your job and the

romance of loving your own wife?

Fred is a New York linen salesman. He has never earned more than a small salary, but on this he and Clara have bought their home in New Jersey and have sent two boys through college. When I met him one day on Fifth Avenue he was shabbily dressed in a shiny old suit of blue serge—and you know how blue serge can shine. I asked him why he couldn't treat himself a little better, now that the house was all paid for and both of the boys were doing well in their jobs.

"I'm carrying a lot of life insurance," Fred answered. "I've got to be awfully sure that Clara's all right when I'm gone."

He turned away, rather shamefacedly. A stray sunbeam fell across his shoulders and suddenly I saw, not shiny serge, but shining armor. Not Fifth Avenue, but Camelot, and a plumed knight with a sword at his side and his lady's colors worn across his coat of mail.

"What's the difference," I thought,

"between that man and Lancelot? Those heroes of the lists fought 20 minutes for the women they loved and Fred has fought 40 years." There are millions of Freds all around us. Alexander's army marches into the subway every morning, gives battle, and comes back at night to millions of castles, where some woman has kept the flag flying. That's why we continue to be a nation in spite of the

READER'S CHOICE

This month's *Reader's Choice* lauds the common people—whose stories are seldom written. It is reprinted, condensed, by permission of *Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Reader's Digest*. What's your favorite story or article? Send us complete information about when and where it appeared (tear sheets cannot be returned). If first to suggest it, and it is used, you'll receive \$25.—Eds.





New York Area ministers visiting Protestant chaplains in the Far East are the Rev. Marion J. Creeger (left) executive secretary of the General Commission on Chaplains and the Armed Forces Personnel, and the Rev. John R. McLaughlin, general secretary of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains. They visited eight Pacific installations.



Nurses were honored at Brooklyn Methodist Hospital Day at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. From left: Mrs. Leroy Liesegang, hospital volunteer; Director Vernon Stutzman; Student Nurse Beatrice Ann Coutts; the Rev. Austin Armitstead, and Dr. David Chu.



Organist C. J. Brodhead, center, is honored by Methodist of First Church, New Rochelle, N.Y., upon completion of 25 years in charge of music. Shown with him are Hugh Pierce, left, music committee head, and Thomas Beatson, party chairman.

Plan Conference Merger

The New York East Conference added its affirmative vote, in principal, to that of the New York Conference favoring a merger of the two units. Bishop Newell was authorized to appoint a joint committee to study the details and report to the 1960 Conferences.

New York East cast the deciding vote for employing a New York Area chaplain to industry. Troy and New York had previously voted for it and the resolution provided that three votes were necessary. The budget is \$21,160.

A director of stewardship was also approved if the World Service will provide \$16,000 in the 1960-61 budget.

The Conference voted to recommend U.S. recognition of Red China and admission of that country into the UN provided the rights of the people of Taiwan and Korea are safeguarded.

The Conference gained 3,522 last year, the largest single year's increase since 1949. All financial receipts also showed a sharp increase.

Bishop Newell reported that racial integration is progressing rapidly in most churches in urban areas and urged the achievement of that goal in all churches.

The Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman told 1,500 persons at a youth rally that "we should spend more thought in developing our Christian positions and less vocal effort in denouncing the deviltries of the Communists."

Highlight of the closing service was the ordination of the Rev. Dr. Irving A. Marsland who has given up a 40-year dental practice to become full-time minister of the Georgetown (Conn.) Church.

Studwells Go to India

The Rev. and Mrs. William A. Studwell and their five children are en route to New Delhi, India, where Mr. Studwell will serve three years as pastor of the Union Church. He has been pastor of the Pound Ridge Community Church for nine years.

Named by the Department of Overseas Congregations of the National Council of Churches, Mr. Studwell will be the congregation's first full-time minister.

During his pastorate, the Pound Ridge Church grew from 32 members to 300. He has also been active in community affairs.

The Studwells were honored at a 10th reunion of the MYF in Stamford, Conn., where they served as youth directors. They received a gift of Indian currency and coins from the Rev. Robert Howard who was MYF president 10 years ago.



Frederick H. Jackson, right, is congratulated by the Rev. Dr. Albert Allinger of Cranford, N.J., after receiving lay speaker's credentials. Former Southern District MYF president, Jackson is a sophomore at Baldwin-Wallace College in Ohio.



Cadet Arthur S. Brown, Teaneck, N.J., leader of teen-ager's Religion in American Life campaign, spoke at the organization's 10th annual dinner. He is with former Army Secretary R. T. Stevens, and Chaplain L. Knight, 1st Army Headquarters.



"Mr. Methodist" is elected as a delegate to the General Conference for the 11th time. Bishop Newell congratulates Chester Smith, who has been an outstanding New York Conference representative and spokesman since the year 1916.

Drew News



Dr. David R. Mace will become associate professor in the Division of Family Study, Department of Psychiatry, at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

* * *

President Holloway gave the commencement address and received an honorary doctorate degree at the 94th commencement exercises of Rider College, Trenton, N.J.

* * *

Dr. Sherman P. Young, professor of Latin and Greek in the College of Liberal Arts, gave the commencement address and received an honorary doctor of letters degree at Hanover College, Indiana.

* * *

Miss Caroline Becker, candidate for the doctor of philosophy degree at the Graduate School, has been awarded a Dempster Graduate Fellowship by the Board of Education for the 1959-60 school year. She is one of three women in the Graduate School. Another recipient was Clifford W. Edwards, who graduated cum laude from the Liberal Arts College of Drew in 1954. A native of Southampton, N.Y., he is now a student at Garrett and Northwestern University in Evanston.

* * *

Dr. William R. Farmer has accepted the post of associate professor of New Testament at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex. He will begin his appointment there in September. He has been assistant professor of New Testament in the Theological School at Drew since 1955.

* * *

Dr. Fred G. Holloway, marking the

completion of his 11th year as president of Drew, gave the commencement address. He spoke on the subject, "Words, Words, Words." He confronted the graduates with the tremendous responsibility which is thrust upon them in the use of everyday language.

Centenary Notes

The Rev. D. William L. Lancey of Morristown, N.J., delivered the Baccalaureate Address at Centenary College on the topic, *Opportunities That Knock on Every Door*.



A 10-foot ramp leads from the old to the new Bethel Home in Ossing. Moving day finds Director Daniel D. Brox, center, assisting Miss Edith Porter and Bertram Schuman into the \$1,550,000 three-story brick structure which will house 120.

Hospital Names Ferry

Joseph Ferry of South Orange, N.J., a member of the board of directors since



Joseph Ferry

1945, has succeeded Robert D. Diefendorf as president of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn.

He is vice-president and general manager of Charles Mathieu, Inc., import firm. He served as chairman of the hospital's executive committee from 1954 to 1957 and has been vice-president since 1949.

He is vice-president of the board of trustees of Drew University, a trustee of Centenary College, and lay leader and trustee of Calvary Methodist Church, East Orange.

Parish Caller Honored

Miss Ida Rickenbacker was honored by Christ Church, Paterson, N.J., on her retirement as parish missionary after 35 years' service.

Miss Rickenbacker also completed 55 years of choir service.

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A Choice to Be Made

One of the ways a bishop, or anyone else, realizes that there is considerable distance between his point of view and that of his grandchildren is to watch the programs which the grandchildren follow so avidly on television in the late afternoon. These programs are peopled by very strange characters—Superman, Mickey Mouse, Popeye the Sailor, Pluto, Krazy Kat and others, but the particular character who is the idol of his youngest grandson is "Mighty Mouse."

The other day the bishop's daughter and son-in-law were amazed to find their own Mighty Mouse, aged four, balancing himself in the branches at the very top of the fir tree in their front yard, which reaches to the height of their three-story house. With considerable difficulty he was persuaded to come down from outer space. Then, of course, the parents went through that experience which may perhaps be paralleled in the mind and heart of our Heavenly Father of trying to decide whether it were better to love him or to punish him. To their astonishment his explanation of this quite remarkable feat was simply that he was "Mighty Mouse."

The other day the bishop heard a brilliant sermon which the preacher stated that the world was hanging in the balance between taking off for the moon and plunging into total self-destruction. One could not help but think that this small and very beloved grandson and the world in general are pretty much in the same position, teetering on a very precarious foothold, hanging in balance between taking off on interplanetary explorations, or tumbling into immediate and total self-destruction.

How sad it would be if in this wonderful age the human personality should diminish to a mere Mighty Mouse, devoid of spiritual insights and bereft of moral controls—just teetering between interplanetary exploration and complete extinction.

Perhaps there is a sermon in all this that we as preachers should deliver to our people—that men are more than mice and that God watches over us with a heart that must often be torn between indulgence and admonition.

Edgar B. Rohrbach



Paterson Evening News

The Paterson Evening News service award is presented the Rev. Edgar B. Rohrbach, right, by Harold McCullough in recognition of Rohrbach's 25-years pastorate in the Mountain View Church. Kiwanis Club sponsored the testimonial dinner.

Superintendent Named

Appointments at Newark Conference were headed by the Rev. Robert B. Goodwin, formerly of Clifton, who was named to succeed the Rev. Roland L. Luerich as superintendent of the Southern District. The delegates paid tribute to Mr. Luerich who retired after 43 years in the ministry.

The Conference raised the minimum salary for full-time married ministers from \$4,000 to \$4,200 and increased the pension rate from \$56 to \$57, the highest in the New York Area.

The employment of a chaplain to industry was approved in co-operation with the other three Conferences, but the matter of financial support was referred to the World Service and Finance Commission.

The Conference asked strict enforcement of the laws against Pornography and voted for the abolition of capital punishment in New Jersey.

Miss Helene K. Pawlicki of Pearl River won a \$2,000 scholarship to Drew University.

More than 900 persons attended a youth pageant depicting the development of Methodism.

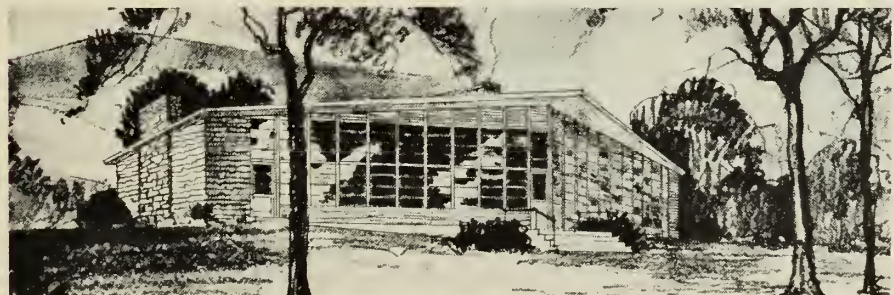
Singers From Africa

The Ambassadors Quartet, composed of your young Methodist laymen from Southern Rhodesia, Africa, arrived in New York June 29, to begin a 10-month musical tour of the United States.

As good will ambassadors for Africa and its Christians, the quartet will sing at the following churches: Sept. 18, noon, at John Street Church; Sept. 18, 8 p.m., at Floral Park; Sept. 20, 11 a.m., Chester Hill Church, Mount Vernon; Sept. 20, 8 p.m., First Church, Bridgeport, Conn.



A \$750,000 fund drive is under way to build this wing at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, where maternity cases and the chronically ill-aged will be cared for. The six-story structure will adjoin the present building on Bleecker Street.



New \$30,000 dining hall planned for Skye Farm, Troy Conference summer camp near Warrensburg. Troy Development contributed \$26,200 and Conference trustee will lend \$4,000. Equipment will cost \$9,000 more. Architect and attorney donated their services.

The Circuit Writer

The 25th wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. G. Roy Bragg was celebrated June 14 at a luncheon and reception following the morning service at Metropolitan Duane Church, New York City.

The Rev. Theodore B. Perry of Union Church, Totowa Borough, N.J., is president of the Passaic Valley Parish, a post he held six years ago.

New president of the Methodist Training Center Inc., is the Rev. C. Newman Hogle of Waterbury, Conn., who succeeds the Rev. Dr. Theodore C. Bobilin. The Rev. H. K. Rhinesmith of Westbury is secretary, and Robert W. Preusch of New York City, treasurer.

Milo Beach, a member of First Methodist Church, Litchfield, Conn., for 79 years died May 25 at the age of 98.

New president of the Bayside (N.Y.) Council of Churches and Synagogues is the Rev. Lester Loder of Bayside Community Church.

Four stars go to the Danbury Church for building fund promotion. They had aerial photographs made of the new site and identified the location with paint. The photos were published in the newspaper and used in the promotional brochure.

Alaska and Hawaii were subjects studied at a four-week School of Missions at Calvary Church, Dumont, N.J., Crusade scholars from both states spoke. Five carloads of young people visited the MYF in Shippensburg, Pa., combining a sight-seeing tour with recreation and worship. Calvary confirmants numbered 36 this year.

The Rev. Dr. C. Walter Kessler, superintendent of the Albany District, is working for a well-read ministry. He has warned his men that he will ask for a list of the books they have read when he holds his Fourth Quarterly Conferences. He'll provide a similar list on request!

The Rev. and Mrs. Donald R. Lewis of Hudson Falls, N.Y., visited missions in four South American countries while Mr. Lewis was serving as chaplain aboard the SS *Argentina*.

More than 1,000 years of service were represented by 45 employees honored by Robert Diefendorf, president of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn. Director Vernon Stutzman presented service pins.

The doctor of laws degree was conferred upon Dr. Robert F. Oxnam, president of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, by American University. He is the son of Bishop and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam.

The Rev. Clark W. Hunt received a citation from the Air Force for services rendered in a preaching mission in Europe. Bishop Newell and District Superintendent Roland Luerich witnessed the ceremony.

The Rev. William E. Stone calls our attention to the fact that the two portraits of John Wesley reproduced in the June issue of *TOGETHER* were given John Street Church by the Rev. Marmaduke Riggall whom Mr. Stone knew in England from 1893 to 1897 when he was a student there. He spoke at the presentation of the portraits in 1932.

Two thousand persons kept a secret at First Church, Amityville, N.Y., on the Rev. Peter M. Saphin's last Sunday before his departure for Australia, when the congregation presented him a gold watch and \$1,850 which had been collected without his knowledge.

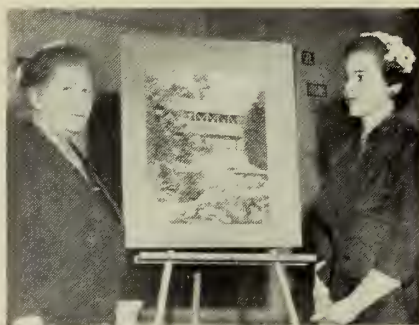
The Rev. Fred G. Hubach of Trinity Church, Staten Island, is new president of the Staten Island Division of the Protestant Council of the City of New York.

The Rev. Dr. H. Burnham Kirkland, pastor of First Church, Middleton, Conn., was awarded the honorary degree of doctor of Divinity by DePauw University. He also holds the degree of doctor of Ecclesiastical Finance from Philippine Wesleyan College.

A \$35,000 Casavant Freres organ was dedicated at First Church, Flushing, with John Huston of First Presbyterian Church, New York City, as guest organist.

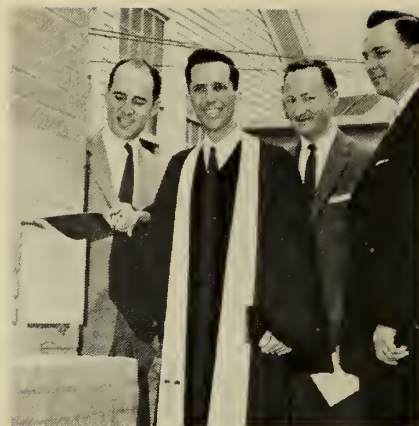
There are three new degrees in the Tarr family of Middletown, N.Y.—all on the distaff side. Mrs. Burton F. Tarr, wife of the pastor of St. Paul's Church, and their daughter, Mrs. V. Robert Heisey won master of elementary education degrees at New Paltz; and another daughter, Mrs. Albert Mildvan, received a doctor of medicine degree from Johns Hopkins. A record class of 42 members was confirmed this spring by Dr. Tarr.

The Rev. Dr. Albert A. Allinger of Crandford, N.J., was awarded the annual award of Kadimah Chapter, B'nai B'rith Women, for outstanding citizenship and community service.



Burlington Free Press

Highlight of Troy Ministers Wives' dinner in Burlington was presentation of painting by Mrs. Albert Strobel, right, to Mrs. Newell. The name of the Area's First Lady appears in Who's Who, directory of prominent U.S. women.



Cornerstone for \$150,000 education building at Seaford, N.Y., is laid by the Rev. Garfield H. Thompson in the presence of, from left, Hjalmar Johansson, building committee chairman; Church-School Superintendent Magnus Hansen; and Lay Leader G. Olsen. Church is serving as its own contractor to save costly fees.

Budgets Oversubscribed

Two churches recently reported good budget news.

In Mamaroneck, N.Y., a \$16,000 increase was asked for a total of \$50,000 in pledges toward a \$56,600 budget.

After a congregational dinner with filmstrips, World Service skits and a humorous play entitled "Our Church Needs No Money," the budget was oversubscribed by nearly \$1,000.

At Grace Church, St. Albans, N.Y., Pastor John W. Bardsley reports that after showing the filmstrip, "The Story of Three Men," to all church organizations, the finance drive produced 26 tithers. A budget of \$16,415, including a \$2,500 increase, was oversubscribed.

130 Make Pilgrimage

A pilgrimage to Barratt's Chapel, often referred to as the "cradle of Methodism," was made by 130 Basking Ridge (N.J.) Methodists who traveled 150 miles by car to Frederica, Del., to hold an afternoon service in the 179-year-old church.

Special music was prepared by the choir and a communion service was conducted by the Rev. John Lytle, the Rev. Elmer Wilkins and Professor Al Haas of Drew.

E. A. Schroeder and C. F. Hempstead were co-chairmen. They report that pictures taken at the chapel will be prepared with a tape recording of the service for a fall program to be presented in the church.

Potter in PR Post

The Rev. A. Leslie Potter of Canton, N.Y., has been appointed director of public relations of the Methodist Home for Children at Williamsville.

He is the son of the late Rev. A. B. Potter, of the Troy Conference.



grafters, and the gunmen, and the loose ladies.

Shining armor!

The real romance and adventure are in every little flat and cottage, and in every office and on every farm in America. Times Square and Hollywood continue committed to the kick of that moment in which somebody pokes a pistol into somebody else's belt buckle, and somebody else escapes by deftly tossing the contents of a cigarette paper in the gun toter's eyes. But how many of us ever toted a gun, or had one superimposed upon our belt buckle?

What happens to us is that we fall in love, and marry, and plan for the baby, and sit holding his hot little hand while trying to read the thoughts of the doctor. That's true suspense. There is more honest-to-goodness drama in that dawn by the

bedside than in whole life histories of those celluloid ladies who "played with passion and made men the dangerous toys of soul-searing ecstasy."

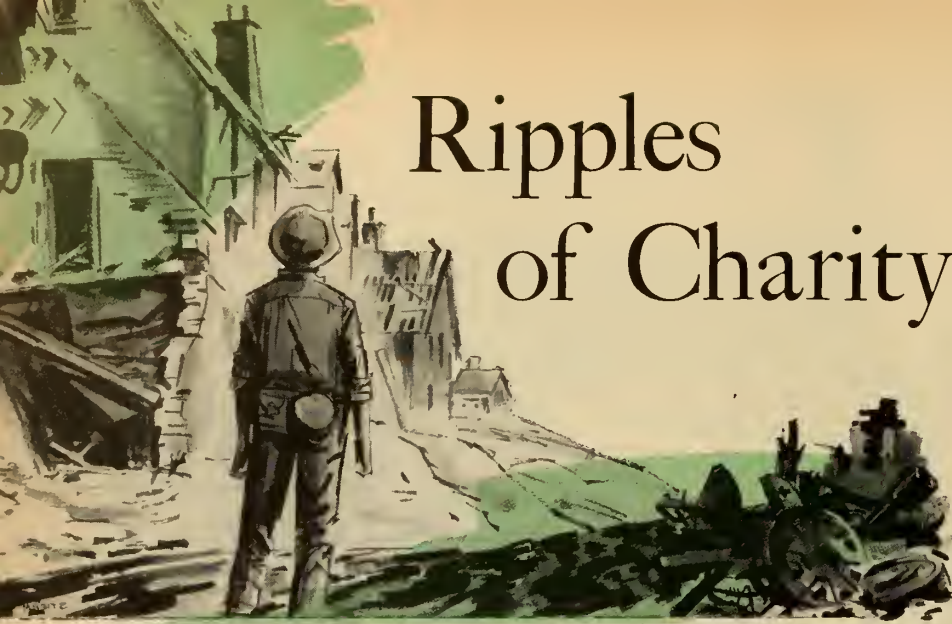
Heroism? Take all the gunmen out of the newspapers and still you'll read of 20 heroes a day, and there'll be 20,000 who never got into the newspapers—everyday men and women. And yet one third of the novels published, one half of the plays produced, and nearly all the motion pictures seem devoted to the glorification of crime and the gratification of sex.

Don't tell me there isn't material for fiction and drama in my kind of heroes. Most of the world's best literature deals with them and their stories. Dickens, Thackeray, Conrad and Thomas Hardy, Goethe, Balzac, Zola, Tolstoi, Dostoevski—the list is endless. Our own authors seem to

have had a special flair for simple folk and simple lives—Hawthorne, Howells, O. Henry, Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, and the rest.

The other day, a girl's "love life" ended in violent death. "Opening her library," the newspapers report, "the detectives found it full of murder, mystery, and cheap love stories." Has anyone heard of a promiscuous girl whose heroine was the Lily Maid of Astolat, or a criminal whose hero was David Copperfield?

I hold no brief for a literature made up of prigs and ingénues, but there seems no better reason for a literature of gunmen and vamps. And even that isn't the major danger. The major danger is the inoculation of the idea that only the spectacular can be worth doing, and that only the sleek and the satin can be worth striving for, that heroism is a triumph of



Ripples of Charity

CHARITY, they say, begins at home. Maybe so, but it certainly doesn't end there. It's impossible to tell how far the ripples of a deed done in Christian brotherhood may reach. Take the case of the American families whose helping hands, extended to some Germans they had never seen, resulted in the sending of a new medical missionary to India. Sounds odd? Well, here's how it happened:

Back when the guns fell silent after World War II, and Nazi Germany lay in ashes, Karl Langner was released from the German Army's medical corps. During the war he had contracted tuberculosis. Returning home, he found his father—a Methodist minister—and his mother virtually starving. Food was almost unobtainable. The towns he loved were in rubble. As he looked about him, Karl's heart was filled with bitterness at the Americans and their allies who had gutted his homeland.

It was at this low point that an unexpected food parcel arrived from a family of total strangers in Buffalo, N.Y. To the Langners' surprise, similar parcels continued to arrive, month in and month out, until the local situation improved to the point where outside aid was no longer vital. Scores of their friends received similar help. The packages came from families participating in aid programs through two Protestant denominations in the U.S.—Methodist and Lutheran. It was then that Karl's hate first began to die.

Why, he asked himself, did these people act like this?

Eventually, Karl's health improved. He continued his medical studies, decided to give his life to the church as a medical missionary

to India. But how could he go? Germany's economy was so prostrate that no funds could be sent abroad to support him or his work. He was on the verge of giving up when a friend suggested he ask The Methodist Church in America to help him.

Karl was skeptical. He thought of the bombed-out homes, the near-starvation, the devastation wrought by American forces during the war. How could those people help him, a man who had fought with all his strength against them?

It was then that he remembered the food parcels—and the unexpected show of Christian brotherhood they symbolized. So he decided to ask American Methodists for help.

How well they responded can best be seen in the fact that in 1953 Dr. Karl Langner, his wife, Eva, a physical therapist, and their young daughter, Yvonne, arrived in India to start work. The Langners at first carried on their badly needed program in their bungalow; now a hospital has been built at Buxar. So great is the demand for medical help that Dr. Langner once had to issue numbered cards for his patients to keep the line orderly—only to learn that black marketeers were selling stolen cards in the bazaar. Appointments to see him were made three weeks in advance.

The help this German doctor and his wife are giving to these impoverished Indians is beyond measure. And it has grown out of help given him by people who were once his enemies.

That's why I say you never know how far an act of charity, once started, will extend.

—HELEN C. ROCKEY

brawn and marksmanship, sophistication a flouting of all the sober deficiencies, and success merely materialistic acquirement.

Are we trying to wear that kind of tin foil?

Look at your salesgirl and stenographer, your soda jerk. Does she want to be a Florence Nightingale, or he an Emerson? Not on your plucked eyebrow, or your patent-leather hair! Valhalla for him is a Park Avenue flat with modernistic furniture and a valet showing in the ladies. And achievement for her is a surfboard, and a half-piece bathing suit, and two millionaires biting their lips at the yacht's electric-lighted landing stage and hating each other for her. These "sophisticated" youngsters are telling the world that sentiment is bunk; that loyalty and nobility and idealism and self-sacrifice are applesauce; that love is ludicrous unless it is illicit.

Fortunately for us, we shall never believe it. Sentiment and nobility and love are immortal. That may be hokum, but it's true. Tenderness and loyalty, and patience, and self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty—these are life's natural aspirations. The Freds are all around us. Thousands of 'em go to work every morning; to them the whistle of the 8:20 train isn't really a whistle. It's a trumpet, calling them to battle.

The trouble is that so few of our writers and publishers and producers know shining armor when they see it. Most of them spend their lives within a mile or two of Times Square and, to them, all the rest of America is terra incognita. They never meet the Middle Western farmer whose own family doesn't know that an incurable malady has doomed him to death and who, with set teeth, is trying to leave the land paid for when he goes; or the small-town bank clerk who doesn't falsify books or attempt a killing on Wall Street, but plods on, year after year, paying for the art education of a daughter.

It's the wood haulers and the rail splitters who matter, and we shall be no worse off for a return to the knowledge that they are the wearers of shining armor—"the little men fighting behind, who win wars."

A literature that makes their example glamorous is the literature that makes men and women fine—and nations great.

*Madam Russell Methodist Church:
A lasting tribute to a pioneer Virginian.*

*Her shining faith helped inspire
early Methodism's westward surge.*

*Madam
Russell*



ELIZABETH HENRY RUSSELL could easily have spent her life in the indolent ease of early Virginia society. Instead, she chose the rigors of the frontier. And there, where southwestern Virginia's picturesque ridge and valley region overlaps into eastern Tennessee, she was converted to Methodism—the first Methodist convert in Holston Conference territory. The time was May, 1788; the scene, the Keywood Conference, first Methodist conference held west of the Appalachians. From then until her death in 1825, this keen-minded younger sister of Patrick Henry, famed for his “give me liberty or give me death” oration and whose speaking prowess she shared, helped guide Methodism's expansion westward over the mountains. Today she is revered as the mother of Methodism in tradition-rich Holston Conference.

Mrs. Russell was a striking woman, tall, with intense gray-blue eyes, and an even more intense religious conviction. She and her husband, Gen. William Russell, were leading citizens in the frontier settlement of Saltville, Va., where they built a four-room log house in 1788. Like most frontier women, she dressed simply, at times wearing a man's hat and coat for riding horseback (she never owned a buggy). The Henry voice matched the Henry vitality; it is said that she and her sister could converse from their doorsteps nearly a mile apart.

From the time she and her husband put up Bishop Francis Asbury after the Keywood Conference, her home was a haven for travel-worn Methodist circuit riders and journeying preachers of all denominations. Frequently these guests left with a clean suit of clothes, a fresh

horse, and—when needed—money for food and lodging.

Among visitors in 1808 was presidential candidate James Madison; Mrs. Russell, as was her custom, knelt to pray with her guest. Years later, Madison recalled:

“I have heard all the first orators of America, but I never heard any eloquence as great as that prayer of Mrs. Russell.”

Even long after her husband's death, when she moved to a smaller log house near Chilhowie, Mrs. Russell kept one room as a “prophet's chamber” for visiting pastors. And in her sitting room she kept a movable pulpit for their use when a congregation could be assembled.


Friends, wanting to show their esteem for this remarkable woman, drew upon a French title reserved for ladies of high station, “Madame.” So she became, to all who knew her, Madame—later Anglicized to Madam—Russell. Today this name is perpetuated in Saltville's unique Madam Russell Methodist Church, built beside her log home before it was razed in 1908.

Actually, this is not the first church to honor her name. In 1824 she erected a meetinghouse in Saltville; it was called, in her honor, Elizabeth Chapel.

In a letter to the Rev. George Ekin, who conducted the dedication service at that early church, her grandson spoke for the many whose spiritual lives were enriched by having known Elizabeth Henry Russell: It did not seem inappropriate, he wrote, to name a Methodist church for one “who was so eminent an example of Christian piety, whose home was a church, and whose life was a worship.”

Help Your Children Make Friends

By *MARY H. DeLAPP*

A Together in the  feature

WHEN my professor-husband accepted a position at the University of Colorado, we moved from a five-acre tract in a rural community to Boulder. Our two children were as excited as though the pleasant little mountain city of 25,000 were the world's greatest metropolis.

"Will it have subway trains?" I heard five-year-old John ask his sister, Ann, one day before the move.

"No, not subways," Ann answered from the superior knowledge of a seven-year-old. "But it will have mountains."

Both children discussed the move with the dog, cat, and chickens, their chief playmates. Both knew they were going to miss their animal friends. But they were looking forward confidently to having children to play with in Boulder.

Not long after the flurry of moving was over, however, I came upon Ann sitting disconsolately on the front steps. "Mother," she asked slowly, "how do we make friends with other children?"

I looked up and down our street. We had moved into a new neighborhood where the houses were packed closely together. In our block alone, there were six homes. But though our new neighbors were just a few feet away on either side, our son and daughter didn't know a child in town.

It wasn't long, of course, before they met other youngsters in the neighborhood. Public school for Ann

and Sunday school for both provided other opportunities. But they soon discovered that meeting other children didn't automatically mean they had made friends.

As parents, we wanted to help some of these budding friendships along. We decided that on Friday nights each of the children could invite one guest for dinner. That was nine years ago. Their circle of friends has widened year by year, but Friday night is still guest night.

The standard guest-night menu consists of hamburgers, potato chips, pickles, milk, and lots of ice cream. In the beginning I asked the children for other ideas, but the only variation they or their friends came up with was the suggestion that we might have "French fries instead of potato chips sometimes."

Simple though the menu may be, we use our best dishes and silver, and have candles on the table. My husband and I believe our children's guests should have the same courtesies we extend to our own.

At candlelighting time we say grace. This, we've found, creates a special closeness and warmth which is particularly helpful when a new guest may not yet feel entirely at home with us.

If we know one of the children's guests is used to saying grace at home, we ask him to say it for our meal. Otherwise, we ask Ann or John, or all say grace together.

Youngsters have brought many

graces to our table. One of the favorites (No. 563 in *The Methodist Hymnal*) is attributed by some authorities to John Wesley:

*Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless; and grant that
we*

May feast in paradise with thee.

Another is *The Hampton Grace*, which can be found in many books, including *Children's Prayers for Every Day* by Jessie Eleanor Moore (Abingdon Press, \$1):

*God is great and God is good
And we thank him for this food.
By his hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.*

Children, we have learned, usually are more manner-conscious when visiting than at home. We've learned, too, that food tastes much better away from home; a child who would spurn a dish his mother prepared will eat it enthusiastically when he's a guest.

To give our children's friends a feeling of being familiar with us and our home, John and Ann take each one on a tour of the house on the first visit. Every home has something special; with us, it's a grandfather clock that really runs. More, it was made by the children's father when he was in high school. Our guests usually spend quite a bit of time before this clock. And these "personally conducted tours" have taught our children to take pride in their home, too.



High spot of the see-our-home tour comes when guests are shown the grandfather's clock made by the children's dad in school.

One of the favorite after-dinner diversions is to spread an old blanket on the living-room floor, put a candle in a pan and set it in the middle of the blanket, then pretend we're sitting around a campfire. Our young cowpunchers invariably think of a song or two, and they've never tired of the idea. We only play it, however, when my husband and I are in the

room. And we make sure that the pan is big enough that the candle can't fall onto the blanket or drip hot grease on it.

Occasionally Ann or John have asked, "Mom, whom should I invite this week?" I always try to suggest several names, leaving the final choice to the child. Parents are human; we have our favorites among

our children's friends, but these aren't always the youngsters' favorites. My husband and I have tried to guide Ann and John in their selection of friends, but we have tried never to dictate. Seeing some of their friends in their own home, and with their own family, has been pretty revealing to both our children—and has been our most effective form of guidance.

Now that our youngsters are in their teens, and their guests are usually overnights, we've had to make a change in the ground rules. John and Ann must take turns having guests.

Although guest night was planned originally for the children's benefit, it has had unexpected dividends for my husband and me. Our children's friends have given us many useful tips on how their families have solved such universal problems as allowances, homework, and bedtime. We've gained a liberal education in other important things, too. For instance, I now know how to pick up a snake so it won't squirm; I know what snakes eat, and how to feed them when they refuse food. Anyone who has a son will know that this is not mere academic information.

Guest night has helped John and Ann make friends faster than they could have otherwise. It has given our children more poise with strangers, more pride in their home. It has given them a chance to develop the basic skills of hospitality. And it looks as though guest night will remain an institution in our family as long as Ann and John are at home.

I wouldn't be surprised, in fact, if my husband and I don't continue to invite young Friday-night guests after our own children are grown. Then we can continue our education—and keep young ourselves.

The MacDONALD Boys

By FRANK CAMERON

*With baseball, barbecues,
riding, fishing—and
lots of love—Ed and Alice have
reared “sons” by the platoon.*



TO UNDERSTAND the MacDonald family of Paradise, Calif., it would help if you enjoyed catfishing at daybreak, playing spitball at noon, or barbecuing at midnight. It would be better if, while liking to laugh, you have had some intimacy with heartbreak. And it would be absolutely necessary that you love life itself in such varied forms and numbers as three horses, four pigs, four cows, a donkey named “Two-and-a-Half,” a raccoon, dogs, chickens, cats, and ducks of unspecified count, 78 goats, 14 guinea pigs, 122 pigeons—and 45 sons.

There are those who have a different concept of the paradisiac life, but it is doubtful that either Edward or Alice MacDonald would want to change much in their 30-year epic of raising sons by the platoon. Although this brotherly congregation has usually been identified as the MacDonald boys, only three have been their own sons. Of the rest, one was legally adopted; for another the MacDonalds became legal guardians; the staggering remainder have been foster sons—but in name only, for the relationship has been far closer than the foster tie suggests.

To take just a simple illustration: Ed MacDonald, a reserved man of 60 with an unexpected antic humor,

wears as his prize possession a watch inscribed, “From Danny—to the greatest inspiration in my life—My Dad.” Danny came to the MacDonalds as a rebellious, elder-hating, 13-year-old delinquent. Yet after five years with them, Danny now proudly wears, in turn, the special badge of distinction reserved for those MacDonald boys who have remained with the family until they are 18—a ring set with a small diamond taken from a broach Alice MacDonald’s mother gave her on her wedding day. Unlike Ed, 52-year-old Alice MacDonald is outgoing and hearty. Almost as tall as her six-foot husband, she gives the formidable impression of moving about under full-rigged sail.

If there are any tricks she has yet to learn about raising boys, these lie outside a code that has produced results. Never precisely defined, this formula is anchored at one end by strictness and at the other by unabashed love. In addition, she has an utter disregard for spurious dignity. Indeed, she once had occasion to wish she weren’t quite so fond of horseplay. It was one day after lunch, when she and Ed had joined their then 10 sons in a free-for-all spitball battle. The noisy fray was at its height, the living room a mess, and

a disheveled Alice hiding behind a chair, when a visiting social worker peeked in the open front door.

“Hey, Mom!” called one of the boys. “Hold your fire and look who’s calling.”

Not even by drawing herself up to full height could the panting symbol of motherhood quite command the situation. But fortunately the social worker was able to see, beyond the disorder, a very adequate home for boy-raising.

Surrounded by two acres of land in the lovely Sierra foothills, the house of random rooms was originally just a good-sized cottage. Then one boy added a radio shack; later two more built a dormitory; a front porch and a patio were transformed into extra rooms. Outside, the big yard has provided space for a baseball diamond, basketball hoops, a barbecue pit, a duck pond, a corral, and a bunkhouse-barn. But most of these accessories have disappeared as succeeding waves of boys have grown up and gone into the armed services (16 have joined the Marine Corps, a record that has brought the family an official citation) or married and established families of their own.

Indoors, the MacDonald home has a battered, much-lived-in look that indicates the process of attrition has



been terrific. In the last 10 years alone, the boys have reduced five chesterfields to tired and lumpy shadows of their former selves.

"Someday," says Alice MacDonald hopefully, "I want to own just one piece of furniture that we didn't get secondhand."

The economics of raising boys by the score—most of them come from broken homes and many have serious emotional problems—is anything but clear-cut. But either the country, or the MacDonalds, or sometimes the Lord, has provided ever since 1931. In that year, when the depression hit hard, Alice answered an ad in which a widowed mother offered \$15 a month for a home for her teen-age boy—we'll call him Tim—while she worked. The MacDonalds got Tim and the first \$15, but that was all. Even so, they kept Tim three years, and it was he who set an historic family precedent.

A slovenly youth at first, Tim changed his habits almost magically after he joined the Marine Corps Reserve, in which he trained one night a week. Quickly he learned to put away his clothes, change dirty socks for clean. So impressed was Alice, that when Tim wanted a special brass polish to use on his uniform, she gladly downgraded a

Sunday dinner from stew to hash to squeeze the necessary 23 cents out of their meager depression budget. The sacrifice was not lost on Tim. Eventually he became the Marine Corps major that he is today and set a goal—brass-button bright—for the other MacDonald boys to follow.

Over the years the problem of counting dollars was no less troubling sometimes than that of keeping track of which son was which. There have, for example, been six Jims. Any current Jim becomes "This Jim," and a former Jim was "Jim-Two." But *the* Jim was "Big Jim," a handsome six-foot, four-inch Marine who was the MacDonalds' first-born.

Big Jim loved his family's spontaneous way of living and was always trying to help out. While working his way through college in nearby Chico, he bought all the boys monogrammed sweat shirts for the family ball team. Out of one summer's earnings, "knocking almonds" in the local nut groves, he gave his mother \$25, saying, "The kids would like a donkey. See if you can get them one at the Chico auctions."

Breathlessly the boys listened as Alice MacDonald, pressured by a merciless competitor, upped her bids on the only donkey to \$22.50. With only a \$2.50 margin left, Ed observed,

"If you can get her for \$25, we'll call her 'Two-and-a-Half.'"

And so it was. Anxiously Alice went the limit, the bidding closed, and the boys joyfully took possession of the doleful Two-and-a-Half.

When Big Jim was still in high school, he came home one afternoon with Clancy, who thereafter remained distinct in Alice's mind as "The Boy Who Came to Dinner." Commenting after dinner that his mother was never home, Clancy asked, "Can't I live here?" He stayed that night—and when an investigation the next day revealed that the boy did indeed need a good home, he stayed on as one of the MacDonald boys.

But Clancy's acceptance into the family was no more casual than that of some of the other boys. There was Bud, for instance, a tall, undernourished lad in torn shirt who simply knocked on the door one day and asked if there was any work he could do. Instantly Alice's heart went out to him, and she thereafter kept him in mind as "The Drifter," though he remained steadfastly with them for four years—until his parents were released from a Japanese prison camp at the end of World War II.

One day, when there were already ten "sons" in the family, two

brothers, Danny and Vic, arrived in the charge of a probation officer. Stocky, dark-complexioned Danny was 13; Vic, blond and frail looking, was nine. The older boy, with his long "pachuco" haircut and leather jacket, was obviously his younger brother's idol and protector. "Don't cry," Alice heard him say as he put his arm around Vic. "I'll get you out of here just the way I did at all them other homes."

Danny and Vic suffered through the first day's routine in the MacDonald household with stiff reserve. That evening when Ed returned from his job at the match-company mill in Chico, they all sat down to a fried-chicken dinner, the traditional first-night meal for new boys. But if either Danny or Vic regarded this as anything special, neither gave any indication. And when they remained stoically unimpressed by the further welcoming treat of being taken to the movies that evening (MacDonald boys are admitted for half price) Alice and Ed braced themselves for squalls.

In the next two weeks, Vic showed signs of warming to the other boys, occasionally even followed their example of calling Alice "Mom." Danny, though, remained contemptuous of this exile to the sticks. He made it plain that it was corny to like raising pigeons, pulling taffy, or showing affection—except toward Vic. A boy nicknamed Easy made the mistake of asking Danny to join his 4-H Club.

"Man," asked Danny wearily, "how square can you get?"

IT WAS Ed MacDonald who wrought the first perceptible change in Danny, and it began one Saturday in spring when he said unexpectedly, "Danny, let's you and me go down to Butte Creek catfishing."

Surprisingly, Danny agreed. It isn't easy to say just how the man and the boy—the one reserved, the other arrogant—communicated that day or any day thereafter. But they did. Something in the day satisfied a need in Danny and on their return home he said wistfully, "No one ever took me fishing before." Then he added a word that, thus far in his stay with the MacDonalds, had been alien to him: "Thanks!"

That fishing trip marked the genesis of Danny, the outdoorsman. From fishing his enthusiasm spread to hunting. Ultimately, Danny's skill with rod and gun led him to try his hand at other things, including, to Alice's astonishment, the baking of cakes. His extravagant hairdo vanished and, far from being contemptuous of the sticks, he spoke openly of the day when he would make his home and rear a family in Paradise—a plan he still intends to carry out on receiving his discharge from the Marines. Small wonder Ed MacDonald is proud of the inscribed watch Danny sent him—especially since Danny had never before used the words with which he ended the inscription: "My Dad."

But the most memorable pleasures for the boys perhaps came out of events centering around the MacDonalds' menagerie. There was, for instance, the time Two-and-a-Half crashed into the septic tank, an epic event which occurred about 2 a.m. The noise awakened Danny, who found the donkey floundering chest deep in the malodorous tank. At the sight of Danny, Two-and-a-Half brayed his misery, sparking the goats into bleating, the dogs to barking, and bringing the rest of the family and the neighborhood to instant life. The more spectators gathered, the louder Two-and-a-Half brayed.

Someone offered to call the fire department but Ed was afraid the sirens might bring the other half of the town to witness this ridiculous plight of his family. Instead, he called the most powerful tow truck in the area and it—with chains, slings, and good, stout hemp—finally rescued Two-and-a-Half just before daybreak. Since the boy who failed to check the corral the previous evening was going to be stuck with the tow-truck bill, there was considerable anxiety until the bill came in. Fortunately, however, the tow-truck operator had a sense of humor which he neatly spelled out thus: "For services rendered: Two-and-a-Half."

Unfortunately, the march of progress caught up with Paradise a few years ago and zoned the MacDonald house into a kind of sterile respectability.

Though dogs are still allowed, all barnyard and other joyous animals

became taboo. An era had ended.

Today, with the animals gone and only five foster boys still in residence, both Ed and Alice find life a little less hectic, and a lot less stimulating, for boys have been their career. The only help the MacDonalds received has been \$50 a month in public funds for some of the boys, plus medical and clothing assistance. Only once did they think seriously of abandoning their career as foster parents—nine years ago, in 1950, when a telegram arrived from Washington. Big Jim lay dead, shot down by the enemy in Korea. It was a crushing blow. Big Jim was everybody's favorite; countless things around the house were reminders of his kindness. Worse, shortly before the telegram arrived, he had written home nostalgically:

"WHEN you wrote me about the kids and the wiener roast, it reminded me of the night when we burned the old tree up on Wagstaff Road. You remember, don't you? Now, think where all those kids are who took part in that party. All over the world in the far corners of the earth, like me they dream of their childhood—a thousand memories, and always a lump in their throat.

"But you know the story. It's been going on for years. I, as a humble and thankful son, try only to remember *you*. God created his highest work when he created the two people who hold the world together—the mother who bears and the father who provides."

It took a long time, after the funeral, for the emotional balances to right themselves. It seemed impossible that never again would Big Jim burst in and, as always, automatically bellow, "Where's Mom?" But now near the front door stands a framed picture of Big Jim under a lamp that burns all night, every night. Alice keeps the lamp there for all the boys who have gone away and might want to return. And whenever thoughts of Big Jim threaten to overwhelm her, Ed says quietly:

"Remember, Mom, we've still got boys to look after. Jim said it right. They need us to hold their world together."



This Honolulu crowd, celebrating statehood bill's passage, reflects islands' polyglot population.

*Buddhists are gaining strength. But Protestants—
Methodists among them—are working to widen Christianity's*

Beachhead in Hawaii



THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII are only a series of dots on the map of the vast Pacific, some 2,000 miles southwest of San Francisco. But they straddle the crossroads of world travel, lie athwart main currents of world history and politics. And here, in our 50th state, the religions and races of East and West have met at last in the friendly setting of a free democracy.

As a result, mainland Americans are looking at the islands today with new perspective. Christians in general, Methodists in particular, know they must become better acquainted with the land and its people, must assess the work the Church is doing now in the light of heavier demands to come. Before statehood, Methodism had already won its beachhead, finding in Hawaii not only promise, but a challenge. Now Methodism in the islands is looking to the future with hope—and faith.



THE AIR IS BALMY, flowers bloom all year, and men are tempted to say this is the nearest thing to an earthly paradise since Eden. It is an intensely green land of sunshine and sudden shower, fern forests, waterfalls, and volcanic peaks, sometimes snowcapped. Time passes, not so much by the tick of the clock as by the long, even surge of a warm sea against coral beaches.

Yet, Hawaii is not complete. Our 50th state is still being created. Geologically, mighty forces are still at work in the hearts of fiery mountains. Politically, it hopes to demonstrate the American way of life at its best. Racially, it is truly one of the world's great melting pots. Spiritually, it has yet to decide whether it will become truly Christian as well as American. Hawaii is a paradise with problems.

The first inhabitants were Polynesians who came from Samoa and Tahiti in huge, canoe-like boats about 500 A.D. In the century after Hawaii was discovered by Capt. James Cook in 1778, Western diseases and war reduced the population from 300,000 to 56,000. To establish his monarchy on the islands, King Kamehameha I fought other tribal chiefs, in the last great battle driving his enemies off a 2,000-foot cliff near what now is Honolulu.

Today, the 50th state is the home of American citizens representing scores of racial combinations. The islands have been amalgamating races ever since Hawaiians refused to work on the sugar plantations. Laborers were imported from Japan, China, the Philippines, Korea, Portugal. Christian missionaries began work among this polyglot assembly, bringing moral reforms, schools, and newspapers.

The first Methodist missionaries arrived in 1855, some 30-odd years after New England Congregationalists had begun sowing the seeds of Christianity. Methodism's early efforts were plagued by financial difficulties and the mission eventually was withdrawn for 25 years. Not until 1887, when young Japanese Methodists in California became concerned over the plight of their countrymen in the sugar fields, did the present expanding program of the church get under way.

Statehood now finds 4,500 Methodists in churches scattered across the main islands. But more are being reached, too—through institutes, work camps, Methodist Youth Fellowships, and a Wesley Foundation program at the University of Hawaii. At the university around 7,000 young people are preparing themselves for leadership.

HOW HAWAIIAN METHODISM STANDS

There are 27 active Methodist churches in Hawaii.
For visitors, here is a handy island-by-island list:

ISLAND OF KAUAI

Kapaia, near Lihue
Kaumakoni Filipino, near Kekoho
Kekaho Community, Kekoho

ISLAND OF OAHU

Aieo Community, Aiea
Aldersgate, Honolulu
First Korean, Honolulu
First Methodist, Honolulu
Harris Memorial, Honolulu
Koholu Community, Koneohe
Kahuku Community, Kohuku
Kailua Community, Kailua
Palolo Community, Honolulu
Parker Memorial, Kaneohe
Wahiawa Community, Wahiawa

Wahiwo Korean, Wahiwo

Woipahu Language,
northwest of Honolulu
Wesley, Honolulu
Woionae Community, Woionae
Niu, east of Diamond Head
Sunset Beach, near Kohuku

ISLAND OF MAUI

Honolulu, near Lohaina
Lohaina Community, Lohaina

Puukolii, near Lahaina

ISLAND OF HAWAII

Hilo Community, Hilo
Honokaa Community, Honokaa
Naalehu Community, Naalehu
Pahala Community, Pahala





From out of Hawaii's primitive past comes the traditional luau—a feast fit for any king! The main dish is roast pig, cooked underground with hot stones. And always there's an abundance of fresh fruit.



Regal splendor in the throne room of Iolani Palace, only actual royal palace in all 50 states, recalls mighty King Kamehameha I, founder of a kingdom that lasted for a century before annexation by the U.S. in 1898.

Vistas Unexcelled

OUR NEWEST state was born in volcanic violence, which helped forge its rugged mountains and deep, fertile valleys. Each year, so many thousands come to enjoy these picturesque vistas that tourism outranks all but the sugar and pineapple industries as a source of island income. As for the people, visitors find them friendly and easily persuaded to carry on their ancient traditions of feasting, dancing, and singing.





A volcano's molten heart paints eerie patterns in the night. Such surging power forged much of Hawaii's rugged scenery. Below, Nuuanu Valley, a favorite with beauty-seeking tourists.



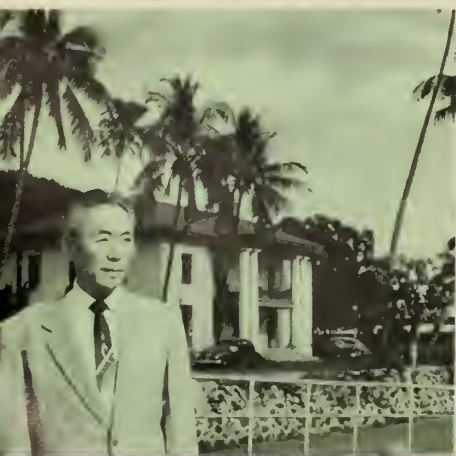


Dolled up in their Sunday clothes on an Easter morning, these Methodist church-school boys and girls could be tots with Oriental backgrounds anywhere on the mainland. For them, a frolic after bright-colored eggs in green grass makes the day special—even if every day is like Easter in Hawaii!



Organized in 1896, Lahaina Methodist Church is old by island standards. Below: typical worshipers.

George Hasegawa, a member of church building committee.



Mrs. Matsuko Harada, store proprietor and president of the Women's Society.



Christ—or Buddha?

ONCE almost 95 per cent Christian, Hawaii saw a sharp upsurge of Buddhism after World War II. Young Buddhist associations have adopted many of the methods of Protestant youth organizations; many Buddhist churches have become partly Westernized. True, many Methodists are being recruited from non-Christian homes—yet Buddhism, with some 160,000 followers, now makes up the islands' largest single religious group.

Sam Higuchi, a sugar-cane worker, is a part of Hawaii's most important industry.



Youth Looks to the Future

EXCEPT in some areas of Honolulu, juvenile delinquency is practically nonexistent in Hawaii. One reason is found in the strong family ties of most Oriental families; another in the program of religious education carried on by the Christian church on the five main islands.



At the University of Hawaii, young people of non-Christian backgrounds re-examine old beliefs in search of a faith to live by. From among them will come many of the islands' leaders.



Retired Bishop James C. Baker, founder of Methodism's world-wide Wesley Foundation movement, consecrates our university student center. He once served Hawaii—and was an early backer of statehood.



Volcanic rock and coral decorate the interior of Honolulu First Church's \$250,000 sanctuary. This is part of a half-million dollar expansion program.



Methodism's newest is the Kailua Community Church, completed last year. But, says Dr. Harry Komuro, superintendent of Methodist work in Hawaii, many more churches still are needed.



Yankees in Paradise

THE Polynesian Hawaiians, children of a gentle clime, were an easygoing, life-loving folk. By contrast, the first missionaries were practical, hard-working, reverent. The early Congregationalist arrivals were shocked by the hula marathons, which sometimes lasted more than a week. But, Kipling to the contrary, the twain did meet—and thousands in the islands today have changed their hula-hula god for the teachings of the Man from Nazareth.

Work camp: But it's not all toil...



...there's time for wholesome entertainment, too. Graceful Hawaiian girls enchant their mainland work-camp visitors with age-old hula. This traditional dance, semireligious in origin and far from the sensual offshoot performed at side-shows, uses fingers and hips to tell folk tales or describe islands' scenery.



And there's always ample time for reverent worship. Typically, when land-clearing labor (above) is over, these working visitors head for the surf, then pause in the evening silence to commune (right) with God.



*His heart and pen sang the
glories of God reflected in nature
and her untamed creatures.*

BADGER CLARK, 'Poet Lariat' of the West

By PAIGE CARLIN

YOU DON'T have to be a cowboy, or even a Westerner, to feel kinship with the poet who wrote *A Cowboy's Prayer* on pages 2-3. In this picture of a humble range rider offering his prayer in the "dim, quiet starlight on the plains" is a warm, universal appeal, typical of the gifted pen of Badger Clark.

I first met the West's "poet lariat" three summers ago. Admirers frequently visited the bachelor poet's rustic "Badger Hole" in South Dakota's Black Hills; I was one of a group of young Methodists who went there to hear him read his poetry and prose.

But even if I had never met him, I feel I still would have known him as well as my closest friends. For, as thousands more Americans are discovering every year, his poetry sings a rich biography of the man.

It is strong poetry, robust and vigorous, reverent and clean. Its melodies linger many hours after the book has been reluctantly closed and put back on its shelf.

A Cowboy's Prayer is but one of many verses which inspired the American West to claim Badger Clark as its own. By popular agree-

ment he was dubbed "the cowboy poet" after his first book was published in 1915. He became the "poet lariat" by official decree of Leslie Jensen, South Dakota's governor in 1937-38. Common usage eventually made the title "poet laureate."

It is no coincidence that a prayer has become Clark's most widely known work. His father, a Civil War veteran, was one of Dakota Territory's pioneer Methodist circuit riders, a founder of Dakota Wesleyan University, and, finally, superintendent of the Black Hills Methodist Mission. His parsonage was in the young gold town of Deadwood; Badger grew up against its backdrop—five churches to 26 saloons.

As a restless 20-year-old, Badger found one year of college enough. He spent six years adventuring, first in Cuba, then in Arizona's cattle country. It was while working on an Arizona ranch near Tombstone that he wrote his first poetry, in response to the beauty which surrounded him.

There, too, he started nurturing the beard and mustache which, along with high-topped boots and khaki riding breeches, were to become his permanent trademarks.

In 1910 he returned to his first love, the Black Hills, where he lived near his parents in Hot Springs about 15 years before building the picturesque mountain cabin where he spent his serene mature years.

In these years his love for the grandeur of the West flowed out of his pen in lyric lines of inspired poetry. It is impossible, by extracting a few lines, to more than hint at the variety of word pictures his pen painted. Nor can such excerpts reveal the bright thread of religious faith woven through his work. He saw the hand of God on mountain peak or grassy plain, in every creature moving in the evening stillness.

To him, no subject was too commonplace to leave his facile imagination untouched. A wisp of wood smoke, a slab of bacon, a larcenous pack rat, all became subjects of his verse. He sang of the buck he tracked up the wind and had "plain in sight" under his trigger. But, in a touching tribute to the beast's beauty, Clark wrote of him, "big eyes search the ground, black nose samples every breeze, your ears sift every sound"—all too much for the poet-hunter. "Smoked hog shall be my feast," he



decided, and the buck went off free.

The "lordly elk" was Romeo, "trim and trig and plump," whose "wild sweet bugling wakes the wood. He doesn't mean the half he says, but then what lover ever could?"

Brilliant wild flowers moved him to write:

"In June the tiger lilies burn
Upon our hills in scarlet bloom . . ."

Sunset Magazine published his:

"Big pines far up against the blue,
Always hobnobbing with the sky,
Patrician vegetables, you."

And *Scribner's* liked his description of a *Quaking Asp*:

"Dainty in her white and green,
Standing tall above the thicket,
With the manner of a queen,
And the gumption of a cricket."

Clark, of course, had his own favorites; one he often read for groups was *God Meets Me in the Mountains*, which first appeared in *Christian Century*. It includes:

"A mystic presence in the forest
often stays my feet—

No vision borrowed from a saint,
but awesomely my own.

"Up through the pine's red pillars
and across the snow and shale,
Where science and theology alike
are but a breath,

I follow marks that make the wisest
book an idle tale.

Why should I squint at faded print
to glimpse his time-worn traces?
God walks the lonely places yet,
where men first found his trail."

This bard of the woodlands sang,
too, of his love for the West's less-
populated communities. *Small Town*,

first published in *The Rotarian*, put it this way:

"'Twas always so; 'twill always be—
Small town, the great folks' starting
place,
A small-town boy in Galilee
Re-routed all the human race."

His own youth in gold-fevered Deadwood gave Clark a special insight into the struggles of the men and women who opened the West—an insight reflected in *Pioneers* in *Century Magazine*:

"A broken wagon wheel that rots
away beside the river,
A sunken grave that dimples on the
hill above the trail.
The wind sweeps, the larks call,
the prairie grasses quiver
And sing a wistful roving song of
hoof and wheel and sail. . . .

"Pioneers! pioneers! the quicksands
where you wallowed,
The rocky hills and thirsty plains—
they hardly won your head.
You snatched the thorny chance,
broke the trail that others followed
For sheer joy, for dear joy of
marching in the lead."

Naturally, Clark was pleased with the praise his poetry won. But he was not a man who longed for wide acclaim or heaped-up wealth. He was little concerned that his work was often used with neither gain nor credit to himself. He managed to live out his later years on an annual income of \$500 to \$700—"sufficient," he said, "for a bachelor in the backwoods."

When he died Sept. 26, 1957, his tangible estate was small. But far more than his small cabin and simple belongings, he left a poetic heritage rich in beauty and understanding—and hope.

Clark believed in America. His pride in its finest ideals is spelled out in *Lead, My America*:

"Lead, my America, daughter of
nations,
Destined to lead from the day of
your birth,
Fruit of the dreaming of all genera-
tions,
Sister in blood to the tribes of the
earth.

"Lead, my America, over new sod,
Breaking a trail toward the moun-
tains of God."



When the "female scout" died, Badger Clark's preacher-father (fifth man from left) conducted her last rites. On-the-spot photo was made by a spanking-new 1903 camera.

How Calamity Jane Finally Got to Church

"CALAMITY JANE," Badger Clark once remarked, "possessed an ecclesiastical vocabulary which she used in an unecclesiastical way." As a boy in old Deadwood, he saw this Western character and heard countless stories of her versatility as a "lady bullwhacker," scout, and other things. Deadwood had a fondness for her, however, because she could mix tenderness with gruffness and once nursed smallpox victims in lonely cabins.

In 1903 she returned to Deadwood to die. A few old-timers called on the Rev. Charles Badger Clark, Sr., to ask if he would go to the city hall to "make just a few remarks" over her coffin. "Harrumph!" exclaimed the poet's father, "the city hall is no place for anybody to be buried from—not even a sinner like Calamity Jane. Bring

her to the Methodist church and we'll give her a real funeral."

And that's how, finally, thanks to a minister who put compassion above formality, Calamity Jane—real name, Martha Jane Canary—got to church!

The funeral was one of the best-attended Deadwood had seen up to that time. One young girl at the graveside ceremony on Mt. Moriah had a brand-new box camera—and snapped the picture above. It shows Parson Clark, with black beard, intoning, "Dust to dust . . ."

Badger Clark often ruefully lamented the vagaries of circumstance. "My father's deeds of mercy are unnumbered," he said. "But such is the irony of human nature, he'll be remembered longest, I suppose, because he buried Calamity Jane!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"As I stand here looking at the universe, somehow being recently appointed program chairman for the annual picnic no longer seems frightening!"

Q I'm 13 and in junior high. I have been trying to go steady with a girl in my class. Three of us boys have fallen for her. She says she likes us all. She has dates with each one, but won't go steady. She refuses to get serious. Are all girls that fickle? —M.M.

A She's not fickle, she's wise. It is better for people in their early teens not to go steady or get serious.

Q I am a girl of 14. I have been going steady with a boy since I was 11. The boy is 16. We want to get married. My mother married when she was 15. She tells me it was a mistake. She says she will not let me marry until I'm 18. I love my boy! What can I do?—J.S.

A Inquire about the marriages of teen-agers at school. Ask your counselor. You'll find that most kids who have married regret it. They miss the fun with their old gangs. They miss the excitement of dating. They resent the work they must do. Some of them pile up huge debts. They aren't

ready for the emotional strains of parenthood. Don't repeat their mistake. Listen to your mother.

Q We moved here recently. Since then my parents have started drinking. Dad's job seems to worry him. Mom says she's lonesome. They get drunk each weekend. When I complain they say what they do is none of my business. But it is, isn't it?—L.K.

A Indeed it is. Probably their feelings of guilt make them resent your comments. Is there any way to get them to move back to your former home? Could your dad return to his old job? That might be the quickest solution. Would they be willing to talk about their problems with a guidance counselor? There are some good counselors on the staff of the Family Service Association in your city. Ask your grandparents to help. Try to get your parents to become active in church.

Q Do other kids ever feel this way? When I am in a crowd I get a strange sensation, as though I was unreal. My feet feel as if I was walking about six inches above the floor.

After a time my ears start ringing. My heart pounds and I just have to get out. I'm scared. What can I do?—P.J.

A Yes, some people do have the same feelings. Ask your doctor to help you find a qualified clinical psychologist or a psychiatrist and have yourself studied.

Q I am 14. The other kids call me a sissy because I am not an athlete. I play the piano. I have been a cheer leader. I've tried basketball and baseball, but didn't get on either team. Does that make me a sissy?—B.S.

A No. Ignore their wisecracks.

Q I am a Christian boy of 14. One of my friends gave me some pictures of undressed Hollywood models. They have an awful effect on me. I can't get them out of my mind. Do you think I am evil?—M.K.

A No. You have strong reproductive instincts. They can become either good or bad. The pictures tend

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

● *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

It Happened to Jane: Family (+)

This takes us back to the era when financial giants were fighting for control of the railroads. Ernie Kovacs is cast as one; Doris Day plays a widow trying to make a living by shipping lobsters from Maine. As a result of careless handling, one lobster dies before delivery. Doris gets her friend, Jack Lemmon, to sue Kovacs. A bright, happy comedy.

Count Your Blessings: Adult (—)

During the London blitz, Deborah Kerr, British military aide, and Rosano Brazzi, a French officer, have a quick wedding and a three-day honeymoon. Then they don't see each other for nine years. By this time their little son has become his mother's pet and, when the family finally is reunited, is suspicious of his new rival. It's a thin story, fattened out by Deborah's objections to her husband's affairs with the glamorous creatures who flock around him because of his money and good looks. In a bit part, Maurice Chevalier tells her that Frenchmen will be French.

Compulsion: Adult (+)

This is a strong but unpleasant film based on the famous Leopold-Loeb murder case in Chicago. Orson Welles portrays Clarence Darrow, brought into the case after the two boys, Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman, have confessed. Darrow's motivation is to fight capital punishment and to show that the rich are as entitled to a fair trial as the poor he so frequently defended. Diane Varsi, a fellow student, says a good word for one of the boys during the trial and shows by her pity that she understands something of their twisted mentality.

Watusi: Family (+)

This sequel to *King Solomon's Mines* falls far short. George Montgomery is the son of the original hero; Taina Elg is the daughter of a missionary killed by natives, and David Farrar is the third member of the expedition. Eventually they find the diamonds in a cave guarded by a seething volcano.

Imitation of Life: Adult (+)

A popular Fannie Hurst novel is brought to the screen again in a plush production designed to wring tears from feminine audiences. Lana Turner, the mother of Sandra Dee, is more interested in a stage career than in remarrying and settling down. Juanita Moore, Lana's Negro maid and mother of Susan Kohner, believes it is wrong for Susan, who is white enough to "pass," to go with white boys. Susan runs away from home to live her own life. She ends up in a night-club chorus line and Juanita dies of a broken heart. From all this, Lana learns a mother should be a mother.

Alias Jesse James: Family (+)

This film is not Bob Hope's best, but it has some laughs and suspense. Bob, a cowardly insurance salesman, mistakenly sells Jesse James (Wendell Corey) a \$100,000 policy with Rhonda Fleming as beneficiary. When the insurance manager learns the risk involved, he asks Bob to "unsell" the policy, which isn't easy. Corey decides to commit a fake suicide, using Bob Hope as the body, and collect from Rhonda. Bob kills off the entire gang.

The Wild and the Innocent: Adult (+) Youth (+)

A minor Western. Audie Murphy is sent to town to trade some furs. On the way he meets Sandra Dee, who wants a city job, so he takes her along. Gilbert Roland offers Sandra a place in the local dance hall. Audie falls for Joanne Dru, also of the dance hall. Later he discovers Sandra is his real love and rescues her from Roland.

to lead you in the wrong direction. Burn them. Keep busy doing interesting, worth-while things with good people. The disturbing mental images will fade into the background.

Q *I am 19 and a junior in college. During the holidays I married a boy who is a senior. We have a small apartment and both work part time. We get A grades. Everything would be rosy if my parents would stop complaining. They say students didn't marry while they were in college, so why should I? Will you tell them times have changed?—C.M.*

A There has been a change in college students' customs. Many of them now marry. They continue their education together. A few marriages go bad, but most turn out well.

Q *I am 13. I have many girl friends, but no boy friends. My father says I'm too young for dates and I agree. What can I do to be popular with boys in a year?—J.T.*

A You are a wise girl. Your chances for popularity will be increased if you do these things: (1) Keep active in clubs and groups where you will meet nice boys; MYF for example. (2) Be friendly. Practice the art of listening. Get boys to talk about themselves and their interests. Remember what they say. Refer back to it again. (3) Have the hairdo, and wear the styles of clothes, the nice popular kids in your neighborhood are wearing. (4) Learn the social skills important to your crowd—swimming, for example, if the gang swims frequently.

Q *Do Methodist families permit their sons or daughters to be intimate before marriage? I'm tentatively engaged. My fiancé doesn't belong to any church. But he says our Methodist church is the most liberal of all churches in this respect. Is that just a line?—V.T.*

A Probably. Neither the church nor the devout families in it condone premarital intimacy.

FOR EACH QUESTION there's an answer.



If you haven't found it, ask Dr. Barbour to help you. He can be reached by writing in care of TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

By OPAL Y. PALMER I Helped Mend Broken Minds

NORA, the shy one, sat beside me in the darkened room. When the first picture flashed on the screen, the hand that sought mine was cold and trembling. Slowly, in a low voice, she began to speak.

The pictures Nora had selected were those of dogs clipped from magazines. As she continued to talk about a favorite subject, she began to regain her composure. But her hand still clutched mine for reassurance.

When the lights came on, a murmur of approval spread across the room. Someone said:

"That was wonderful, Nora!"

The woman's eyes were bright and her worn face showed more animation than I'd seen in months.

You see, Nora is a mental case—one of scores of troubled people who have been helped back from apathy to an awakening interest in the world around them. The project that did it is so simple and inexpensive that it could be adopted with good results by volunteer groups throughout the country.

Looking around the room at Nora and the other patients that day, I recalled my first visit to Lincoln State Hospital in Lincoln, Neb., in 1946. Then, as now, I found it difficult to believe these people were mental cases. Outwardly, many resemble people you meet every day—and in many ways they are.

Twelve years ago, inmates of Lincoln State Hospital just sat around in wards day in and day out. Things have changed since then.

A mentally ill person is primarily a person who has lost the way. He is troubled, obsessed with deep anxieties, dreadful fears, and delusions. When Nora first came to us she had receded from life to the extent that she spent the days staring into space. She worked only when encouraged by a guiding hand. But Nora loved

dogs—and it was through her interest in animals that we were able to help bring her back, part of the way at least, from the darkness that haunts troubled minds.

If you are a woman with time on your hands, you may be able to help someone like Nora. She need not be in a mental hospital. Perhaps she is in an old person's home or a hospital in your town. Such volunteers are taking an increasing interest in the work at Lincoln State Hospital. Many are professional women—musicians, artists, teachers. Others have no profession, but are willing to help overworked employees with any job available—reading, playing games, promoting flower clubs, teaching cooking, directing musicals, giving parties, making puppets.

One project is our Reading and Travel Club which grew out of a search for something to occupy the minds of our patients. Dr. F. L. Spradling, the superintendent, bought an opaque projector which flashes enlarged pictures and printing onto a screen. (You may be able to borrow or rent such a projector from your public library or school.) We set up a picture file and began encouraging patients to choose subjects for illustrated talks. Many were too shy to participate without encouragement and guidance.

"I can't read this before all those people," Mary said. So at first she showed her pictures to only two of us in the room. She became so interested in the enlarged pictures that she forgot her shyness and eventually narrated her story to 50 patients.

Month after month—first as a volunteer, later as an employee—I watched many patients being helped over the bridge to reality. Lucy collected cartoons and came up with a skillfully woven tale, *The Story of My Life*. Bill, who had worked in

the oil fields, presented an educational talk on oil. Jim, a farmer, worked up a series on farm machinery, animals, 4-H clubs, and the life of farm children. Jake, an intellectual sort of fellow, compiled a unit on transportation.

It is interesting how a patient's favorite subject may reveal his state of mind. Susie, who was most melancholy, talked about storms, floods, fires, famines, wars, and other calamities. Mark, a "woman-hater," took advantage of his opportunity to get in gibes about "gold-digging women."

THOSE who benefit most, I believe, are parents who have been in the hospital for years and have practically lost identity. Such a person will become so institutionalized that he will lose interest in everything.

Your volunteer project could help someone win the fight back to reality. This happens when the patient begins to feel important again, when others listen to what he has to say and like what they hear.

Lucy, a woman with a nasty disposition and who had been un-co-operative for 25 years, illustrates this point. When she began to collect pictures she became so absorbed that she grew happy and lovable.

Volunteer lay people are learning about the world of the mentally ill. They find these people respond to kindness and consideration even more than so-called normal individuals. Because of this new attitude, many volunteers are working in mental hospitals and other institutions today, rendering important Christian service in a once-neglected realm.



Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS

ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS



Eugene H. Bonham
Elmhurst, Ill.

AUGUST 2

"I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eye sees thee."—Job 42:5

A BELOVED minister fainted in the pulpit at a Sunday-morning service and was taken to the hospital before the eyes of his congregation. He was absent many weeks. With a great will to serve, he was finally able to resume his work. Thinking back over his illness, he said: "I cannot explain suffering—not the kind I have just passed through. But I do know I am closer to God now than I ever was before."

Our text represents the climax in the sufferings of Job and in his interpretation of them. He entered his trials equipped with a degree of faith in a righteous God of whom he had heard. But his acquaintance was not close enough to keep him from crying out in skepticism and pain. His pious friends gave the traditional answers which were supposed to satisfy the orthodox. They rebuked him for seeking to argue with God and for protesting that his torment was unmerited. Yet every complaint against the God-that-is-not can lead us to honor the God-who-is. The skeptic may find his way back to the father's arms before the elder brother who trusts his own piety and who gives the "religious" answer as it was given to him without ever accepting life's challenge to work out his own salvation.

A hearsay God can never sustain us. As Paul declares, "Faith comes from what is heard," indeed. However, when heard through a third person, we are persuaded but not fully buttressed in conviction. We need to know a voice speaking to us personally. We need to come into that direct relationship in which the visual sense merges into deeper spiritual perception. We cry out to know Him of whom we have heard.

And whether we shall find Him in a flash of light on some road to Damascus, or in a heart-warming experience at our Aldersgate, or in the course of church life and the inner quest, each of us can know

Him of whom we have heard. Supremely, He comes to us through Jesus Christ.

Prayer: O God, our Father, prepare our eyes for the vision of thyself, quicken our hearing for the call of thy voice, open our hearts for the channeling of thy love, strengthen our hands for the doing of thy work, and make thyself to be known to us as the reality in which we live and move and have our existence. Amen.

—EUGENE H. BONHAM

AUGUST 9

Let not your heart envy sinners, but continue in the fear of the Lord all the day.—Proverbs 23:17

SOLOMON, in his collection of wise sayings in the book of Proverbs, illustrates the folly of evil and the wisdom of righteousness. The wise man will not only restrain himself from envy, but will seek to overcome evil with good. Envy is recognized as one of the most deadly of evils. The temptation to envy does not concern itself with evil alone, but may be felt in the presence of good men. Jealousy and envy belong to the same family of evils. Jealousy is often the forerunner of envy. Therefore, one may not only find himself envious of an evil man but he may also envy a good man.

King Saul's envy of David was not due to any evil in David. Saul was jealous of David because he saw in him superior qualities—qualities which he himself might have had but for his evil ways. Another illustration of this evil is seen in the attitude of the Sanhedrin toward Jesus. Their jealousy was aroused because of his manner of life and service. They would have gladly acclaimed him king if he had only resorted to the ways of the world rather than to the leadership of his heavenly father.

In contrast to the foolish ways of sin, Jesus illustrated the ways of wisdom in his dealings with evil. When he stood in the presence of a woman of the world whose gar-

ments had been touched by sin, there was no envy, but tender compassion. His love reached out to those in sin and by his touch he was able to lift them out of their sins into fellowship with himself. As Solomon speaks of the fear of the Lord he, no doubt, has in mind an attitude of awe and reverence. Restraining himself from envy, he gives himself in awe and reverence to God.

Prayer: O Lord, have mercy upon us, thy children, who are called to live in the midst of a crooked and perverse world. We do not ask to be taken out of the world, but we pray for strength to live as thy children. Save us from jealousy and envy. Impart to us the spirit of compassion and concern for those in the grip of evil. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

—GEORGE E. CLARY

AUGUST 16

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end.—Lamentations 3:22

LONDON has four sludge ships. On every weekday tide two of them, loaded with 1,500 tons of sewage, go out the Thames to sea. About 15 miles offshore they jettison the cargo through open valves into the black deep—a spot where the water is unusually deep. For about 20 minutes a dark stain spreads in the ships' wake, but so wide is the ocean, so deep the water, and so cleansing the salt sea that samples of water taken within an hour prove to be completely harmless. This is a parable of the God "whose mercies never come to an end."

Absorption is always God's ultimate way of getting rid of evil. The ideal servant, described in Isaiah 53 and personified in Jesus, is "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" because he is willing to accept even injustice without complaint, absorbing its evil so completely that it can spread no further.



George E. Clary
Atlanta, Ga.



Raymond E. Balcomb
Corvallis, Oreg.



Edwin Schell
Baltimore, Md.



George A. Parsons, Jr.
Doylestown, Ohio

A Filipino woman who had been high in her nation's government was tortured because she would not collaborate with the Japanese conquerors. She still remembers vividly the night her husband was taken away. Months later she found out he had been beheaded. After the war, again in governmental service, it fell her duty to welcome visiting dignitaries of the World Health Organization. The hardest thing she ever had to do, she said later, was to be gracious to the Japanese representatives. "But," she said, "I know we must not hate and that there is no future in revenge." That's it! God's way, the only way, to get rid of evil is to absorb it.

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, swallow up the littleness and bitterness of our lives, giving us spirits that are just and generous that we may be able so to absorb evil that nothing unworthy of our calling as followers of Jesus Christ may find lodging in our hearts or utterance by our lips, through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—RAYMOND E. BALCOMB

AUGUST 23

"If my people who are called by my name humble themselves, and pray and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land."
—2 Chronicles 7:14

FINDING a high truck blocked by a low overpass, a boy sidled over and asked casually:

"Why don't you let a little air out of the tires?" They did—and the truck cleared. Jesus said, "To such belongs the kingdom . . . whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it." (Mark 10:14-15.)

The truck driver, his way blocked, looks up, reasons, struggles, but the solution is hidden save from the gaze of a child.

Solomon is king, his people a chosen race, but he and they are

bidden to learn humility against the day of tribulation. True humility is a bent of spirit. Martin Luther, aptly alluding to humility, long ago penned, "Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing," and clinches his argument, "were not the right man on our side, the man of God's own choosing."

And knowledge, blessed assurance, that that right man is; that is God's precious answer when anyone turns childlike eyes to seek his face.

The chronicler reminds us that the Lord's house is God's own chosen place of grace. Here, to sinners, freely flow the blessed gifts. Here the spirit finds utterance to carry us victorious under, over, or around all obstacles.

Are your burdens piled so high you're stalled? Are you seeking a solution that is not apparent? Release can be yours as you worship in church today. Believe it! Take this verse and try it!

Prayer: O love that wilt not let us go, helper to thy children all, especially grant, we pray, that spirit of humility which thou, O Lord, findeth useful to the making of instruments of thy peace. Amen.

—EDWIN SCHELL

AUGUST 30

"Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice, for the Lord has done great things!"—Joel 2:21

IN A FEW DAYS the U.S. will celebrate the 146th anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie. Our flagship was quickly cut to pieces by Great Britain's warships. The battle was all but lost, yet Captain Perry would not give up; in the midst of enemy fire he took a few men and rowed over to the *Niagara*, bringing it into action.

In writing *Sail Ho* (Knopf, 1960), my father and I have Sailing Master Taylor turn to the captain's brother, who is raising the flag, "Don't Give Up the Ship." He says, "That brother of yours—he is some commander—he expects that little flag to make

much magic. How can it overcome the British superiority of men and guns? Well, who knows? Maybe it will. Maybe it will."

Then Perry's British adversaries, *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, ran afoul and became entangled. Captain Perry won the day—and the whole Northwest Territory was saved from becoming a part of Canada. He sent the famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Perry was a religious man. His religion and patriotism can be summed up in the verse from Joel. He ever afterward contended that the prayers of his wife at home were as effective as his military maneuvers.

This verse from Joel is as American as the Gettysburg Address, for the Lord has done great things for our country: democracy, freedom, resources, opportunities unlimited. For these blessings I am thankful to God, their author.

Our struggles must be strewn with little acts of heroism even as the Battle of Lake Erie was strewn with heroes. Just as Perry raised a flag to signal action, you can lift the banner of the cross. Perry said that he would have moved from one ship to another until the day was won or he had lost the whole squadron. Jesus, in his ministry, moved from one cross to another. You can become a little savior by following Jesus' commission and moving from one day to another, one hope to another, in your spiritual squadron of faith, hope, and courage.

We do not need to fear; God has done great things and we can do great things for, through, and with him.

Prayer: Our Father, we are thankful for the heroes who founded our land upon religious faith. Help us to hold high the banner of the cross that it might be seen in our words and deeds. May we become heroes of little duties, that together we may stamp out fear and rely on the eternal promises. Amen.

—GEORGE A. PARSONS, JR.



The great Ben Hogan blasts one out of a sand trap in 1950's National Open. P.S.—He won!

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

HAVING to abandon ship in the midst of 1 million square miles of Antarctic pack ice would be hardship enough today, even with helicopters, radio, and other conveniences of modern polar exploration. Forty-five years ago, when Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew of 28 had to make a way out by sledge and three small boats, it was sheer drama, unbelievable if not

authenticated by diaries kept by some of the men.

ENDURANCE by **Alfred Lansing** (McGraw-Hill, \$5) tells this story in tremendous fashion, beginning nine months before the *Endurance* sank and staying with Shackleton and his men until they finally reached human habitation six months after the sinking. I felt I was with them all the way.

The appearance of **Mel Allen's** *IT TAKES HEART* (Harper, \$3.95) is as welcome as a grand-slam homer by the home team in the ninth inning. The theme of this book, written in collaboration with **Frank Graham, Jr.**, is "that extra something" in the clutch, a factor which sets the truly great athlete apart from all others: Ben Hogan, Clint Frank, Joe Louis, to name a few. The chapters devoted to Walter Johnson and Dizzy Dean alone are worth the price of the book.

Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders* [June, 1957, page 59] burst upon the American public like a nuclear bomb, became a national best seller, and was translated into nine languages. Packard continues his rock 'em, sock 'em style of reporting in *THE STATUS SEEKERS* (David McKay, \$4.50).

This is his lively report on American classes and class lines, which he maintains are hardening into a status system that is the most important phenomenon of our times. Are you a Methodist? What make and year car do you drive? Do you eat soft bread or hard rolls? All these and everything else about you and your daily life betray your place in our social caste system, Packard says.

In reading this book, remember that its author is not a sociologist. But read it; it'll give you a new view of the world around you.

Jane Boyle Needham was a helpless polio victim in an iron lung when her husband told her he wanted a divorce. And, since it seemed evident she'd never again be out of the hospital, he said he'd naturally want custody of their three youngsters.

Did I say helpless? Jane not only got out of the hospital, she also convinced the judge she was entirely capable of running her home and bringing up her children from her iron lung and rocking bed. *LOOKING UP* (Putnam, \$3.50) is her story as told to **Rosemary Taylor**. It's as gay and triumphant a saga of courage and faith as you'll ever find.

No use speculating on what might have been. But after several evenings of reading **Flavia Anderson's** haunting biography of *THE REBEL EMPEROR* (Doubleday, \$4.95) I can't help wondering what would have happened to China—and all of Asia—if the leader of the Taiping rebellion had found the Christian training he so eagerly sought.

Hung Huo-hsiu, born a peasant, was a man of intelligence and sensitivity.

Spurred by mystical dreams and a copy of the Bible he read fervently, he came to believe he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ and developed a weird doctrine that made him one of the most powerful and fanatical religious leaders of all time. The revolt he led raged from 1851 to 1865, took the lives of 20 million people, and nearly put him on the throne of China. The author believes the uprising would have succeeded had it not been for the intervention of Western Christians, appalled at his "heretical and blasphemous" version of their faith.

Thanks to **Nelson Beecher Keyes'** vivid text, more than 100 photos, and 30 new maps, the **STORY OF THE BIBLE WORLD** (C. S. Hammond, \$5.95) is a fascinating book to read as well as a richly rewarding reference source on the Holy Land in Bible times.

For what this same land looks like today, you can turn to **PICTORIAL PROFILE OF THE HOLY LAND** by **J. E. and Carolyn F. Holley** (Revell, \$5.95). Here are 248 camera views of the countryside that cradled Christianity. It is unfortunate, though, that the process by which this book is printed does not do justice to the photos.

It is as challenge, not catastrophe, that brilliant English historian **Christopher Dawson** sees **THE MOVEMENT OF WORLD REVOLUTION** (Sheed & Ward, \$3). What we are witnessing now in Africa and Asia, he says, is the spread of revolutionary currents that rose in Western Europe in the Reformation and the Renaissance.

Because Western man came to these continents in the dual role of liberator and exploiter, he now bears a double burden. But though the West is distrusted and resented by Africans and Asians, Dawson, a devout Catholic, refuses to believe Christianity is defeated there.

Usually I keep my eyes from straying to previously published books; there isn't enough space to mention revised editions. But I'd like to make an exception for **CHRIST AND THE FINE ARTS** by **Cynthia Pearl Maus** (Harper, \$5.95). The revised and enlarged edition of this fine anthology of art and literature relating to Christ contains much new material and has been produced by vastly improved printing techniques. It'll be even more valuable both in the home and in Christian-education work.

Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas** has contributed a biographical foreword and acted as editor for **THE MIND AND FAITH OF A. POWELL DAVIES** (Doubleday, \$4.50). Ordained as a Methodist minister, Dr. Davies later became affiliated with the Unitarian movement and from 1944 until his death in 1957 was pastor of one of its

ADVENTURE

on the High Seas!



Prayers on the quarter-deck of the 20th-century Mayflower, sailed from England to America by sea captain Alan Villiers.

If you've ever dreamed of manning the wheel of a sailing ship, or striding an ocean liner's bridge, these books will hold special excitement for you:

Collision Course by **Alvin Moscow** (Putnam, \$4.50)—graphic account of the sinking of the Italian luxury liner *Andrea Doria* after she was rammed by the *Stockholm*.

Sea Devil of the Confederacy by **Edward Boykin** (Funk & Wagnalls, \$4.95)—rousing tale of John Newland Maffitt, who ran the raider *Florida* through the Mobile blockade.

The Life and Death of the Duchess by **Pamela Eriksson** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4)—the life story of a square-rigger and the love story of her captain and his wife.

The Last Nine Days of the Bismarck by **C. S. Forester** (Little, Brown, \$3.50)—a master storyteller relates the pursuit and sinking of World War II's most dangerous warship.

Fire at Sea: The Story of the Morro Castle by **Thomas Gallagher** (Rinehart, \$4)—gripping documentary account of the liner's destruction off the New Jersey coast in 1934.

Tahiti Nui by **Eric de Bisschop** (Mc Dowell, Obolensky, \$5)—perilous voyage on a raft from Tahiti to Chile in the author's effort to disprove the Kon-Tiki theory.

Give Me a Ship to Sail by **Alan Villiers** (Scribner, \$4.95)—one of the last of the sailing-ship captains writes candidly and vividly about the ships he has commanded.

oldest churches—All Souls, in Washington, D.C. There he was the outspoken, goading conscience for his congregation and his country. Justice Douglas has selected the best of Dr. Davies' religious and secular writing for this book. It is an inspiring glimpse into the keen mind and courageous heart of this articulate spokesman and fighter for human dignity.

A pious Kentucky mother wanted her son to be a Methodist minister, I read in **Homer Croy's** *STAR MAKER* (Duell, Sloan & Pierce, \$3.95). What makes this unusual is that the son was David Wark Griffith who became the celebrated producer of 427 movies, including seven "greats." One was *Birth of a Nation*—and the most touching episode in this biography tells how Cora, Griffith's housekeeper, was so heartsick over its seeming calumny on her race that she changed her son's name. It had been David, honoring the producer.

Homer Croy is an old-time movie writer himself, so he lards this book with personal notes on Mary Pickford and other stars Griffith made famous. But it's rich in odd bits of forgotten human-interest facts, as well: *Item*—Griffith's father, a wounded Confederate colonel, led a successful charge with a commandeered horse and buggy!

The first time I drove in the mountains I was annoyed to hear the engine labor and see the temperature needle soaring. "We're on a perfectly level road," I fumed. "Look back," Mrs. Barnabas said. And sure enough, we'd been climbing, imperceptibly but steadily for a long time.

Harriet Harmon Dexter gives us a similarly enlightening look back and around us in *WHAT'S RIGHT WITH RACE RELATIONS* (Harper, \$4). It's a valuable and heartening report.

Teen-agers' questions about sex are answered practically, sympathetically—and wisely in *GOD, SEX & YOUTH* by **William E. Hulme** (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95). Dr. Hulme is a Lutheran clergyman and a professor of pastoral theology and pastoral counseling. He uses actual cases encountered in his years of counseling to lead young readers to an understanding of how the Christian view of sex can guide them in actions and attitudes.

Many a World War II veteran will recall the brown people and odd-looking atolls he found scattered across the vast Pacific with particular vividness when he reads *PARADISE IN TRUST* by **Robert Trumbull** (William Sloane, \$3.50). This is an account of Micronesian affairs in the Trust Territory of the Pacific administered since 1946 by the United States.

Micronesia means "small islands." There are 2,141 of them in the Marshalls, Carolines, Marianas, Gilberts, and other groups spread across 3 million square miles of ocean. But their total land area amounts to only 687 square miles—a little over half the size of Rhode Island. A few more than 67,000 people inhabit these scattered platforms in the sea.

The people, although comparatively pleased with the U.S.' administration, see no moral justification for testing nuclear weapons in the Marshalls and resettling islanders. The question Trumbull was most often asked was, "Why doesn't the U.S. test the bombs in its own territory?"

The Elizabethans weren't given to writing down thoughts on life and death; they were robust, exuberant, sometimes violent people. But they did leave household accounts telling the price of such items as white herring, children's shoes, "a peach-coloured beaver hat trimmed with silver and lace."

It is from such sources that **Elizabeth Burton**, a Briton herself, has compiled the many-faceted picture of 16th-century English life she presents in *THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND* (Scribner, \$3.95). Here we learn what people ate, how they gardened, what kind of furniture they had, and how they cured their illnesses—sometimes with "remedies" worse than the ailments.

It's a well-documented, detailed study, anything but dull.

The subtitle of *WHAT DR. SPOCK DIDN'T TELL US* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50) is: *A SURVIVAL KIT FOR PARENTS*.

In this sophisticated spoof of Spock,



Coming down with Geronimo's Bounce!

Louisville columnist **B. M. Atkinson, Jr.**, describes such weird and wonderful childhood afflictions as Traitor's Throat (what the baby has when he cries just loud enough to wake his father, but not enough to wake his

mother), Bamboo Foot (a form of gigantism in which a child's feet outgrow a new pair of \$10 shoes overnight), and other diseases in which "the child has the affliction but only parents suffer from it." They are made all the more real through the deft drawings by *New Yorker* cartoonist Whitney Darrow, Jr.

Reading **KENT COOPER AND THE ASSOCIATED PRESS** (Random House, \$6), I've been reliving some of my own newspaper days. This, however, is not a nostalgic book. It is the fast-moving autobiography of KC, whose initials became a symbol of a new era in the gathering and dissemination of news.

In America we take news for granted. Yet in darkened areas of the world it is a freedom about which men can only dream. For anybody wanting to know the how and why of 20th-century journalism, American style, Cooper's book is a must.

The reputation of Cuba's new leader for making long speeches is well documented by *Chicago Tribune* correspondent **Jules Dubois** in *FIDEL CASTRO*, (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5) the story of a man and a revolution.

Once at his own trial, Castro addressed himself to the people of Cuba in a blistering denunciation of the Batista regime. In this talkathon he defended, not his own life, but that of the movement then nearly six years from victory.

Covering those six years, Dubois outdoes some of the best adventure tales, with jet-age intrigue, betrayals and kidnappings, and, finally, victory over huge odds.

In the eyes of many critics, **W. Somerset Maugham** has never been a "great" writer. But for more than 60 years he has been spinning tales in which the characters have had a particularly vivid humanity. These have taken the form of novels, short stories, and plays.

Now, in *POINTS OF VIEW* (Doubleday, \$4.50), which he says is his last book, Maugham turns essayist to discuss, among other things, the personalities of top writers as they were revealed in their works. And, just as in his stories, he brings these characters magically alive in 1959, too.

Bird watchers will find pure treasure in *LIVING BIRDS OF THE WORLD* by **E. Thomas Gilliard** (Doubleday, \$12.50). This big, beautiful book doesn't attempt to describe all living species—of which, we learned, there are 8,600—but it is a remarkable survey that includes many rare birds and gives particular attention to birds of South America, about which little has been published.

The author, who is associate curator of birds at the American Museum of Natural History, keeps technical talk to a minimum. Of the 400 excellent photographs in the book, 217 are in full color.

Robert Dahl lost his mind and found it again. But unlike many who come back from the nightmare world of the mentally ill, he clearly recalls the frightening months he spent in institutions and the steps he had to take in his slow return to normal. Consequently his book, *BREAKDOWN* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95), is graphic, true, and an eloquent plea for sympathy and understanding for those who are powerless to help themselves.

It's the best book of its kind I've ever read.

Every Russian wants to be an egg-head—they read books while walking along, while crossing the street, standing in queues, and even in elevators, says **Sally Belfrage** in *A ROOM IN MOSCOW* (Reynal, \$3.50). This is a breezy, sometimes unintentionally revealing, book by the 21-year-old American-born daughter of British liberals. Sally went to the Moscow Youth Festival, visited China, and returned to Russia to live and work for five months. She got to know a great variety of young Russians, in whose word portraits we see Russian life reflected. Miss Belfrage consciously avoids any reference to Russian politics, scientific advances, or foreign relations.

Former Democratic presidential candidate **Adlai E. Stevenson** visited Russia and Siberia in 1958 and came home to write *FRIENDS AND ENEMIES* (Harper, \$2.95). It's a concise and lively report by a prominent American who received semiofficial privileges, even a visit with Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

Eleven leading Moslem scholars from Egypt, Turkey, Pakistan, Indonesia, and China have contributed to *ISLAM—THE STRAIGHT PATH* (Ronald Press, \$6). The result is an authentic picture of the religious life of the contemporary Moslem at home, at prayer, and in the mosque.

This book, which gives full justice to the veins of mysticism and rational philosophy that run through the history of Islam and live today, is the last of a three-book series initiated by the National Council on Religion in Higher Education. All three were edited by **Kenneth W. Morgan**, professor of religion at Colgate University.

A bald and lofty-domed Texan named **Walter Prescott Webb** was elected president last year of the erudite American Historical Association—after

40 years of teaching. But he didn't have a degree at age 43. Why fellow historians honored him, why students at the University of Texas love him, is understandable on reading *AN HONEST PREFACE* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), as spunky a set of essays as I've seen between covers.

I didn't agree with all he says—and he roams the range from Coca-Cola to politics. But I was cheered by his cactus-fisted pokes at historians who scare readers away by dull writing.

"It so happens," he says, "that the vulgar public loves beauty, a well-turned phrase, a figure of speech which makes a pattern of truth stand out above a ruck of facts. This same public sees no reason why the true should not wear a garment as graceful as that which drapes its opposite."

Amen, Brother Walter Prescott Webb!

In this age of growing specialization it's reassuring to run into a generalist. Such a man is **Stuart Chase**, whom *TOGETHER* readers will remember for his stimulating *Are You Alive?* [October, 1958, page 18]. In *SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING* (Harper, \$3.95) Chase presents "one man's guide to the knowledge he believes the intelligent layman should have to meet the problems of the present and the future." It's a wide-ranging look into the mind of a versatile and lucid thinker.

Remember the old Epworth League, predecessor of MYF (Methodist Youth Fellowship)? I was reminded of it by Bishop **George Amos Miller's** *GROWING UP* (Parthenon, \$2), which recalls that in 1916 the League in California sent the then youthful Millers as its missionaries to Panama. The bishop, now in retirement, recalls interestingly his long and effective service in Central America, Mexico, Argentina, and Chile.

GROWING UP's a welcome addition to literature on Methodism in Spanish-speaking America. But why do authors neglect to index their treasures?

There's common sense in *ADVENTURES IN PARENTHOOD* by **W. Taliaferro Thompson** (John Knox Press, \$2.50). I predict it's a book no parent will start and not finish. In a chapter called "How to Say 'No,'" parents are reminded to consider "both what you say and the way you say it." Say it lovingly, Dr. Thompson advises. The problems of discipline are given good coverage—and another significant chapter is "Fathers Are Parents, Too."

"If you adore her, you must adorn her. There lies the essence of a happy marriage."

Mrs. Barnabas often reads phrases aloud to me, but this one made me look up. Startled. My wife laughed and

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THE THREE BOOKS I want to mention this month represent, in a sense, the past, present, and future. One is a biblical romance, which certainly is in the past. Another has to do with a secret agent behind the Iron Curtain; that is the present. The third tells about a man seeking a meaning and a purpose for living and that is something for the future. Just so the pattern does not become too rigid, I shall reverse the order and look first at the book seeking a meaning for life which, in my opinion, is also the best one.

HENDERSON, THE RAIN KING, by Saul Bellow (Viking, \$4.50).

A good many years ago when wandering around Europe by myself, I picked up a paper-covered novel by a French author. I cannot remember his name nor do I recall the title of the book although I am sure it was published in English. It had a strange, haunting quality that seemed to be partly fantasy and partly reality. I was never sure where one stopped and the other began. I thought of that book as I read *Henderson, the Rain King*.

It has to do with a rich and somewhat eccentric American who went to Africa and ended up as the head of a tribe in the interior. He achieved this position gradually by becoming first an official responsible for persuading the gods to make it rain. After the king was killed by a lion, the tribe insisted that the American should be the successor. The book seems to me to be full of hidden meanings and allegory. It is also full of humor and the kind of insight which makes the hero real. Without trying, it creates an atmosphere of longing and pity so that some parts of it are immensely moving. This one is certainly telling us about the contemporary spirit of searching for something. And let me close with the pastoral injunction that it will never be found, except in God.

THE SECRET WAYS, by Alistair MacLean (Doubleday, \$3.95).

The paperbacks which deal with

tough and lawless characters are to be found in every drugstore and airport. If you want to read the same kind of book in a hard cover by an author who can write, this one is for you. It has to do with a British undercover agent operating in a Balkan country run by the Russians. And it has to do with torture and a secret police even worse than the Russians'.

The hero and his friends are always getting captured, only to find that they are released by people secretly sympathetic with their cause. There are a few passages of preaching about the real nature of the conflict and why Russia acts the way she acts. But for the most part, it is action and a considerable amount of killing. I thought again as I read this book how life surrendered completely to violence becomes less than human and hence deadly dull. The essence of drama is, after all, conflict with spiritual implications. It is a little difficult to find these implications at times in this book, though I am sure the author expects us to be aware of them.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA, by Jay Williams (Random House \$3.95).

This man has been wise enough to take a biblical theme not too well known and not too fully developed in the Bible. Everybody knows about Solomon and we have all heard of the Queen of Sheba. The biblical writers are brief and restrained in their treatment of the themes. Now Mr. Williams comes along and makes a full-length romance out of it, and I must say he does a pretty good job.

Solomon is a nice fellow and the Queen of Sheba is not a nice girl at the beginning, but she finally comes around in a satisfactory manner. Unlike the Duke of Windsor, Solomon does not give up the throne for the woman he loves, which was a fine thing so far as Israel was concerned.

I have the feeling that there is a good deal of authentic background material in this book, which helps a reader to appreciate the world of the Old Testament. Hollywood can make a real spectacular out of it.

handed me the book she was reading. It was **Anne Fogarty's** *WIFE DRESSING* (Messner, \$3). I should have kept it, but I made the mistake of giving it back to her, and under its influence she started giving away all her old clothes the next day. They were only "things I haven't worn or fitted into for years," she assured me, though the process left an unexpected amount of room in the closet.

As a matter of fact, I approve of Miss Fogarty. She believes women should look like women; she breathes fire at the mention of see-through plastic raincoats, dirty white gloves, pin curls worn to work, stockingless legs in the city, and heavy perfume. With all this, I agree!

Jane Merchant needs no introduction to *TOGETHER* readers; her poems have appeared in five previous issues. In *GREEN PASTURES* (Abingdon, \$1.50) is a collection of her work which has the 23rd Psalm as its theme. Each poem is preceded by a Scripture verse and followed by a prayer. The poems are deeply religious and mirror universal human traits. But, at least for one reader, these Sunday poems don't have quite the spark of some of Miss Merchant's everyday poetry.

The most interesting chapter in *THE LITTLE WORLD OF LAOS* by **Oden Meeker** (Scribner, \$4.50) is on Thailand. After many pages about the pagoda country of Laos, a land that is steeped in a "tranquility just this side of Rip Van Winkle," Bangkok is as a burst of light on a dark day.

Meeker spent a year in Indochina, most of it in Vientiane, capital of Laos, as a dispenser of CARE packages. He writes with a certain flair which partially offsets a drowsy pace.

No soothing and sweet-smelling unguent is laid upon Uncle Sam's conscience by *INDIANS AND OTHER AMERICANS*, jointly authored by **Harold E. Fey**, editor of *The Christian Century*, and **D'Arcy McNickle** (Harper, \$3.75). They probe America's attitudes and policies toward Indians from colonial days to our own, and their scalpel is sharp. Perhaps too sharp—at least it appears that the authors carry no torch for Washington's current program to fit Indians into America's social and cultural patterns.

MAKING YOUR LIVING IS FUN (Longmans, Green, \$4) is **Kate Aitkens'** gently humorous story of how she worked up to a radio and television career, and subsequent membership on Canada's Board of Broadcast Governors. It won't throw you into gales of laughter, but it's a solid enough success story with a light touch.

—BARNABAS

*Today's cars lack personality, claim thousands of hobbyists.
That's why they've touched off a big boom in ancient autos.*

Ever Drive a Horseless Carriage?



Family conference: Robert Tapp and his five sons investigate a knock in their prize-winning 1908 Chalmers-Detroit.

CHANCES ARE, sometime this summer you'll spot at least one 40 or 50-year-old car chugging down the pike. But before you howl, "Get a horse!" remember this: That antique probably is more valuable, and closer to factory-fresh condition, than the sleek hardtop you just admired.

This year, upwards of 30,000 moderns—teen-agers and octogenarians, schoolteachers and movie stars—will be riding high over the spoke wheels of Maxwells, Essexes, even steamers and electrics. These enthusiasts are members of a mushrooming army of hobbyists willing to go to nearly any extreme, in terms of distance, money, and time, to track down the discarded remains of antique cars and restore them to perfect running order and original appearance. They'll take one of these sprightly old-timers any day over your push-button chariot!

Reviving antique autos—usually defined as those made before 1930—was virtually unknown as a hobby before World War II, during which thousands of old heaps vanished in scrap-drive melting pots. Then, after the war, the boom began. Complete, well-preserved old cars were hard to find. So hobbyists began tearing down, cleaning, and rebuilding authentic antiques from little more than rusted metal or rotted wood.

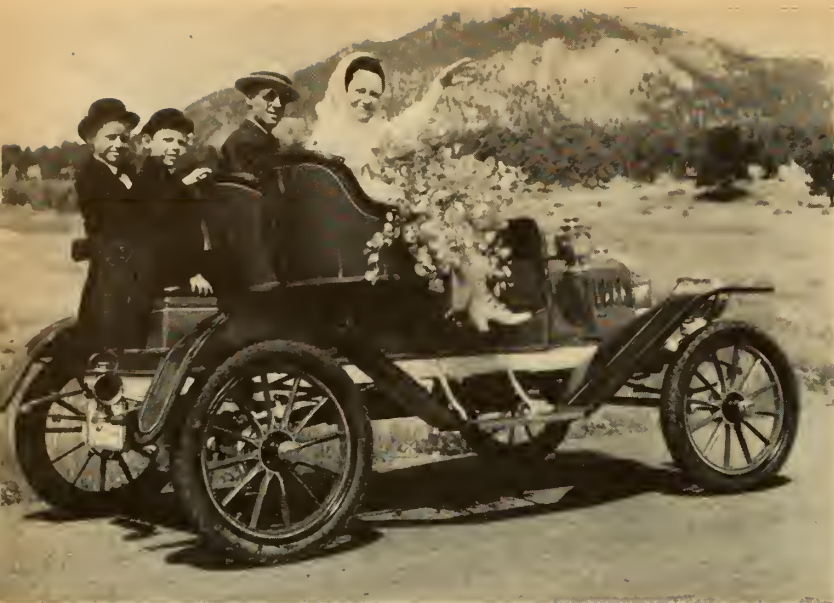
Today, interest is hitting new highs. Forty or more clubs, from less than 100 to nearly 10,000 members each, are adding hundreds of new recruits every month. New clubs are springing up. Such activities as informal meetings, work parties, meets (usually line-ups for judging), and tours (caravan-style trips) are more numerous than ever.

Why does anyone spend a couple

of years and hundreds of dollars reconditioning an ancient buggy that never ran like today's cars in the first place? There are as many reasons as people who do it. For some, tinkering with a long-dead engine until it catches at the first crank turn is a creative challenge—and pleasant relaxation. Others are fascinated by the nostalgic era these old cars represent. But all acknowledge one appeal, as summed up by an official of the 10,000-member Antique Automobile Club of America:

"We consider it a family affair. It's for Mom, Dad, the children, relatives, for the pet, and the neighbors. When Dad acquires an antique, the whole family pitches in to remove rust, scrape wood, shine brass. And when the job's done, there's fun to be had motoring together."

That's why John McNichol sold



Shades of 1910! Period costumes match John McNichol's Maxwell.

WHERE YOU CAN SEE HORSELESS CARRIAGES

Nothing tough about seeing ancient automobiles in action this year! They're rolling as never before. Clubs large and small are holding scores of events. Below we are listing a limited sampling, plus some of the 60 or more permanent exhibits open to the public. They make fine vacation stopovers!

11 Tours and Meets, July to October

JULY 24-26: International Tour, Model T Ford Club, Chicago-Holland, Mich., Milwaukee-Chicago—25-26: Bay Area Tour & Field Meet, Horseless Carriage Club, Pleasanton, Calif.—26: Dusters' Meet, Veteran Motor Car Club, Museum of Motoring Progress, Brookline, Mass. **AUGUST** 8-9: Chapter Meet, VMCC, Defiance, Ohio—14-15: Annual Trek, H.H. Franklin Club, Syracuse, N.Y.—16-21: Smoky Mountain CAR-avan, Classic Car Club, Harrisburg, Pa.-Asheville, N.C.—22: Antique Car Day, Illinois State Fair, Springfield. **SEPTEMBER** 5-7: Labor Day Tour, HCC, Boise-McCall, Idaho—12-20: Antique Auto Show, Eastern States Exposition, West Springfield, Mass.—13-18: Glidden Tour, Antique Auto Club, Cincinnati-Indianapolis-Ft. Wayne-Detroit. **OCTOBER** 10: Fall Meet, AAC, Hershey, Pa.

18 Permanent Exhibits of Old Autos

EAST: Museum of Motoring Progress, Brookline, Mass.—Long Island Auto Museum, Southampton—Hershey Museum, Hershey, Pa.—Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.—Car & Carriage Caravan, Luray, Va.—Smoky Mountain Car Museum, Pigeon Forge, Tenn.—James Melton's Autorama, Hypoluxo, Fla. **MID-CONTINENT:** Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Mich.—Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago—Thompson Products Auto Album, Cleveland—Horseless Carriage Museum, Rapid City, S. Dak.—Pioneer Village, Minden, Nebr.—Shaw's Antique Car Barn, Hot Springs, Ark.—Auto Museum Southwest, Grand Prairie, Tex. **WEST:** Neiblings Auto Museum, Estes Park, Colo.—Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles—Pierce Miller Transportation Museum, Modesto, Calif.—Country Store AUTOrum, Yakima, Wash.

his first antique, a 1919 Ford roadster, when he realized it wasn't roomy enough for his wife and two sons. His next was a larger, 1911 Flanders touring car; subsequently he bought a 1910 Maxwell (see photo, this page). And Leo Hostetler, another Methodist old-car enthusiast in Boise, Idaho, reports that his wife has assembled a large collection of early 20th-century touring garb since they first began dressing in period costumes for their excursions.

Then, too, in a day when factories spew out cars as basically alike as the tuned horns under their hoods, it's a thrill to have one that's different. Early cars had personalities. And so did the early manufacturers who, for a few fitful years, turned out their own individualized models during what old-car fans call "The Golden Age of the Automobile."

Each manufacturer had his own idea of the ideal automobile. For a while, steam, gasoline, and electric models fought on almost equal terms for supremacy. Sears Roebuck cast its ballot for the gasoline car, and from about 1908 till 1911 sold a car by mail on a 10-day trial basis. Also going strong in early days were the Carter Twin Engine car, the eight-wheeled Octoauto, and the International Auto Buggy with high carriage wheels and solid tires.

Yet of some 2,500 different makes and models manufactured in this country since the 1890s, the most famous always will be Henry Ford's homely Model T, which just marked its 50th anniversary. More than 15 million were turned out in 19 years, in 11 of which it was available "in any color, so long as it's black."

There was a time when life seemed to be a matter of the latest Ford gags (Pat: "Have you heard the last Ford joke?" Mike: "I hope so!"). Even the word "flivver," commonly applied to the Model T, was a good-natured gibe. Any old-car fan will tell you it's a contraction of the phrase, "good for the liver," with which salesmen laughed off customers' questions about the Model T's buggylike riding qualities and the vibrations of its four-cylinder engine. (Pat: "Does your Ford always make that racket?" Mike: "Only when it's running!")

Ingenuous owners remodeled these old Fords for use as tractors, buses, snowmobiles; their engines powered threshing machines, printing presses, and sheep clippers. But first you had to get them started—and that was a

neat trick in cold and damp weather.

Old-day autoists had to cope with bad roads (sometimes riding was smoother in an adjacent field), breakdowns (with no road service), and the elements (as late as 1919 only 10 per cent of new cars were closed models). And police frequently took a jaundiced view of the horseless carriage. Glidden Tours, for example, were started in 1905 to help sell the U.S. public on the auto. In the first one, several drivers narrowly escaped decapitation when lawmen in at least one town strung ropes across the road as the cars chugged into view!

Thousands of similar stories fill the air today at the frequent gatherings of old-car hobbyists. Most enthusiasts belong to at least one of the major national organizations, such as the Antique Automobile Club, the Horseless Carriage Club, the Veteran Motor Car Club, or the Model T Ford Club. Besides the wide range of activities at a local-chapter level, these clubs—and many others more specialized—publish magazines describing old cars and their histories, offering tips on restorations, and containing invaluable classified-advertising pages, through which collectors can locate hard-to-find parts and instruction manuals.

Authentic restoration may cost \$1,000 or more, yet knowledgeable collectors frequently recover their investment if they sell or trade. It all depends on the car; \$1,000 spent on a beat-up steamer, electric, or heavy touring car of the pre-World War I era generally is money used wisely, since such cars are scarce and therefore much wanted today. The same amount put into restoring a Model T, Dodge, or other popular car of the 1920s might not be recovered as readily, since a good many of these models still are around. So it's especially important that beginners look before they leap into the hobby.

If you're beginning to feel a twitch of interest in horseless carriages, join the local chapter of a national club; few require that you own a vintage auto. You'll soon learn precisely what's involved in each individual restoration process, how much time and money it may take, and how to scout for your first car. And while you're looking over one of the spotless, authentic former monarchs of the road, see if you don't find yourself muttering, "Ah, they just don't make 'em like that any more." That's how old-car fanatics get started!

Name Your Hobby

No better time than summer to catch up on your hobby specialty! Here's your chance; these Methodists want to swap experiences, ideas, or articles. Tell us your hobby and we'll list it, too—but please allow us three or four months to get it in print.—EDS.

AMATEUR RADIO: Harrison Cunningham, Box 311, Hallowell, Maine; Victor Shields, Box 388, Shannon, Ill. (Short-wave listening; QSL cards).

BOOKMARKS: Maryla Lear, 11841 Ilene St., Detroit 4, Mich.

BOTTLES: Myrtle Anderson, 234 Blunt St., Clay Center, Kans.

BUTTONS: Mrs. Fred Elliott, R. 2, Salem, Ind.

CAKE DECORATING: Mrs. Irvén Gard, RR 2, Wilkinson, Ind.

CHESS BY MAIL: Tom Culpepper, 2616 Oakland Dr., Augusta, Ga.

CHINA: Mrs. Tom Sawyer, 1316 Welcome Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn. (hair receivers).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mary Carol Adams, Box 15, 97 Charlton St., Oxford, Mass.; Rev. Howard M. Von Schiltz, First Methodist Church, Clay Center, Kans.; Mrs. Paul Eaton, Bedington, W. Va.

COINS: Mike Garter, 1214S Excelsior, Norwalk, Calif. (Lincoln-head cents); Dale Carlin, R. 4, Kevil, Ky.; Rev. Donald G. White, Box 131, White House, Tenn. (U.S., San Francisco mint); Marvin Strike, 701 2nd St. NW, Waukon, Iowa.

COOKBOOKS: Mrs. Lucille Woolever, 16020 S. Trumbull, Markham, Ill.

CUPS & SAUCERS: Patricia Hager, 3340 SW 3 St., Miami 35, Fla.; Mrs. Lucille Woolever, 16020 S. Trumbull, Markham, Ill.

DOLLS: Mrs. Fred Elliott, R. 2, Salem, Ind.

ELECTRONICS: Craig Parker, 3618 Beacon Dr., Beachwood Village 22, Ohio (radio).

FOSSILS: James P. McCollom, R. 2, Dodge City, Kans. (shark's teeth).

GENEALOGY: Dorothy Jean Furnish, S204 Madison, Lincoln 4, Nebr. (Furnish, Couch, Feller, Newhouse, Huggins); Evelyn Bomar, c/o Kitty Wynne, 705 Walnut St., Paris, Tenn. (Townley, Lawrence); Mrs. Helen K. Seas, 203 Stambaugh Ave., Sharon, Pa. (Crawford, Huston, Houston, Bratton, Bratten, Rice); Mrs. Harold L. Adams, 3311 Frater Ave. SW, Seattle 16, Wash. (Morford); Dorothy Waggoner, 1208 Mott Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio (Waggoner, Waggoner).

Mrs. Sibyl Linde, 220 Glandon, Chapel Hill, N.C. (Halsworthy, Hackberry, Pryor, Tyson, Adams); Mrs. George H. Vannoy, 17 E. Welling Ave., Pennington, N. J. (Vannoy, Dey, Dye, McElroy, Lansing, Walls, Rex, Egbert, Picken-paugh; also will hunt genealogical data in the N.J. State Library at no cost if requests include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope); Mrs. Alice N. Dyck, 1001 Chamberlin, Manchester, Mo. (Minter, Farrar, Hutchinson, Hopton, Hupton, Robins, Milligan, Sittler).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Helen Leonard, RR 3, Washington, Ind. (with state maps).

MUSIC: Thomas L. Robertson, III, 724 W. 7th St., Anderson, Ind. (composing).

NEWSPAPERS: Mary Carol Adams, Box 15, 97 Charlton St., Oxford, Mass. (page 1 mastheads including date, city, state).

PHOTOGRAPHY: Rev. Lincoln B. Justice, Nelson, Nebr. (colored slides of religious paintings, especially biblical); Rev. M. Chambers, Tumbay Bay, South Australia (exchange colored slides with Americans).

PICTURES: Mrs. C. H. Carmichael, 1407 Ave. I, Brownwood, Tex. (of cats).

POST CARDS: Mrs. Leo C. Nolan, Jr., 162 High St., New London, Ohio; Mary Carol Adams, Box 15, 97 Charlton St., Oxford, Mass.; Gregory Johnson, Brandon, S. Dak. (of railroads and depots); Charlene Griswold, 777 Walworth Rd., Palmyra, N. Y.; Robert G. Dasse, Apt. 3, 20 Franklin St., Meriden, Conn. (of churches, state maps); Helen Leonard, RR 3, Washington, Ind. (of state maps); Patricia Hager, 3340 SW 3 St., Miami 35, Fla. (especially from other countries).

POSTMARKS: Mary Carol Adams, Box 15, 97 Charlton St., Oxford, Mass.; Harrison Cunningham, Box 311, Hallowell, Maine; Genevieve Trout, 197 Hampton St., Bridgeton, N.J.

POT HOLDERS: Lillian Freeman, 308 Blunt St., Clay Center, Kans.

RECIPES: Mrs. Leonard Tisch, Guckeen, Minn.

SALT & PEPPERS: Mrs. Tina Rodrigues, 68 Powhatan St., Warwick, R.I.; Harrison Cunningham, Box 311, Hallowell, Maine; Mrs. Lucille Woolever, 16020 S. Trumbull, Markham, Ill.

STAMPS: John A. Backora, R. 1, Box 211, Sunbury, Ohio (preanceled); B. G. Macfarlane, 422 Rensselaer, Griffith, Ind. (mint U. S. plate blocks and singles); Dwight E. Wiles, S Division, USS Greenwich Bay, AVP-41, FPO, New York, N.Y.; Anna Jane Hunt, RR 1, Centerburg, Ohio; Victor E. Asuquo, 23 Ifelodun St., Surulere (New-Lagos), Lagos, Nigeria; Victor Shields, Box 388, Shannon, Ill. (U.S.); Angela Gardner, 17 Church Crescent, Finchley, London N3, England; Gail Peterson, S Penbryn Ave., Esmond 17, R.I.; Mary Carol Adams, Box 15, 97 Charlton St., Oxford, Mass.

WATCH FOBS: D. H. Brown, 3500 Universal St., Pittsburgh 4, Pa. (making them).

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Pam Williams (11), 4301 Hessen Cassel Rd., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Vickie Brown (14), 2598 Robin Rd., New Albany, Ind.; Jeanne Ann Staker (11), 286 Greencrest Dr., Athens, Ga.; Mary Jane Kober (14), 300 State St., Baden, Pa.; Barbara Smith (18), 68 Barnum St., Taunton, Mass.; Sonja Lamoree (10), 2216 E. Market St., Warsaw, Ind.; Judy Budd (13), Box 986, New Port Richey, Fla.

Ruthleen Nolan (13), RR 1, Velpen, Ind.; Rebecca Harrison (14), RR 2, West Liberty, Ohio; Rose Marie Williamson (9), 711 Monroe St., Rapid City, S. Dak.; Marsha Gettes (15), 1608 SE Stark St., Portland 14, Oreg.; Eva Dufrey (13), River Rd., Camden, N.Y.; Kathleen La Vancher (13), 114 Main St., Camden, N.Y.; Judy Byrd (14), 1015 S. Henderson, Stuttgart, Ark.; Patsy Lee Farrar (15), Box 126, Evergreen, Va. Ruth Misenhimer (14), 4530 SE Taylor St., Portland 15, Oreg.; Sue Romax (17), 5668 Oak Grove, Oakland 9, Calif.; Linda Sue Watts (12), RR 1, Mystic, Iowa; Sharon Campbell (9), 444 W. Chenery St., Springfield, Ill.; John A. Lucas (16), Rising Sun, Md.; Edith Otis (12), 6006 5th Ave. NE, Seattle 15, Wash.

Linda Pennell (15), R. 2, Box 103-C, Lenoir, N.C.; Ruth Ann Wilson (15), RFD 2, Wapello, Iowa; Judy Otis (12), 6006 5th Ave. NE, Seattle 15, Wash.; Donna Schmidt (15), Cedar Ave., Wapello, Iowa; Dayle Ruth VanZant (17), R. 2, Redwood Falls, Minn. (prefers correspondence in Gregg shorthand); George Strom (15), 202 N. Prairie, Wapello, Iowa; Betsy (7) and Charry (10) Kavan, Rogers Ave., Westhampton Beach, N.Y.

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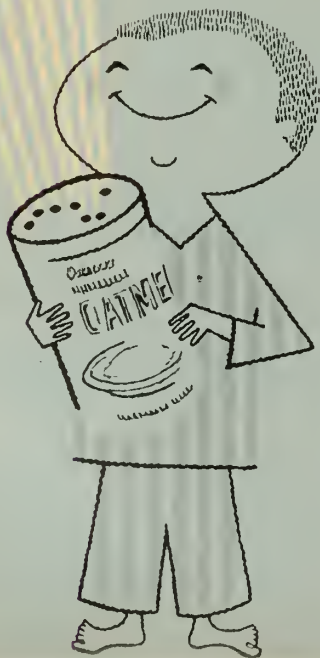
Together with the SMALL FRY

THE NEXT TIME you can't think of another thing to do, take a walk outside. Listen to breezes and crickets and birds. Look at pebbles and flowers and funny-shaped weeds. At night, watch for your favorite star constellations in the sky. Sometimes nature will help you write a poem or sing a song. And sometimes it will give you ideas of things to make—like star shiners and mixture pictures, pod birds and leafy wreaths.

Make Friends With Nature



YOU CAN MAKE your favorite star constellation appear on your bedroom ceiling! It's easy—just make a star shiner from an oatmeal box. First, draw the stars on the lid of the box. Then, using a big needle or other pointed tool, poke a hole where each of the stars is located. Now, turn on a flash-light and place it, at a slant, in the box. When the lid is on the box, you can shine the stars on the ceiling of your room at night.



A STAR SHINER

MIXTURE PICTURES

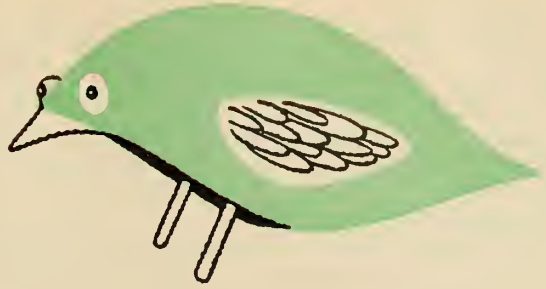
PEBBLES AND SEEDS, feathers and weeds—these are what mixture pictures are made of! Lots of grownup artists make mixture pictures, too, but they call them *collages*, and you can make them, too. First, gather several interesting things such as small stones or shells, colorful feathers, twigs, watermelon seeds, and corn. Next, place some of the objects on a stiff piece of cardboard and move them around until they form a pleasing design. When the design looks just right to you, glue each object in place. And then hang your finished picture on the wall—it will remind you of summer fun for a long time!



POD BIRDS

SEE WHAT FUNNY BIRDS you can make from empty milkweed pods! First, paint half a milkweed pod a bright color. After the paint has dried, glue little bead or sequin eyes near the pod bird's beak. Then add paper wings—or use maple-tree seeds instead. As a finishing touch, glue pipe-cleaner legs underneath the pod. Then your cheery pod bird will be ready to perch almost anywhere in your house! The best time to collect milkweed pods is in late summer or autumn. You may want to collect and save several of them so that next December you can make pod birds for your Christmas tree.

—ARTHUR H. EYLES



LEAFY WREATHS



WEAR A WREATH of summer leaves and feel as elegant as a queen or Grecian hero! To make the wreath, collect several tree leaves, all the same kind and about the same size. Then cut off the stems of the leaves and save them to use later. Next, overlap one leaf on another, making sure that the shiny green side of each leaf is facing in the same way. Now use the cutoff stems to pin the leaves together. Keep overlapping and pinning the leaves until the wreath is just the right size for your head. And then, for a very special wreath, fasten a small flower to the spot where each of the leaves is joined. Now the wreath is ready to wear!

All Things Bright and Beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.*

*The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,*

*The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.*

*The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.*

*He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.*

—CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1818-1895)



Smith Island's only link with the mainland is the daily mail-produce boat.

Methodist Island



WHEN adventurous Capt. John Smith sailed up Chesapeake Bay from Jamestown over 350 years ago, he explored three small islands and added them to his map of "New England." Two hundred-odd years later, Joshua Thomas, the "Parson of the Islands" who explored for the Lord, rode in by canoe and added the fisherfolk of Smith Island to membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, now The Methodist Church.

Even today, Smith Island remains uniquely, solidly Methodist. But only recently did a Methodist bishop set foot on the island's sandy soil for the first time.

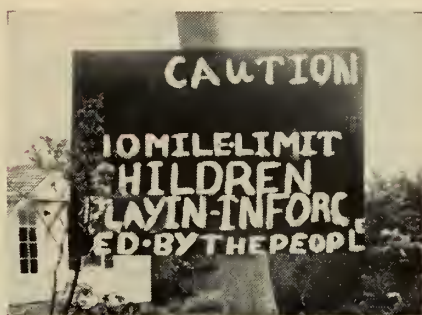
The visitor was Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, who headquarters quite a way up the Potomac River in Washington, D.C. He stepped off the boat one Sunday morning to visit and preach in the white, high-steepled church that dominates the low country around the spotless little oyster and crab-fishing town of Ewell. The

At Ewell, Bishop Oxnam is followed aboard the Island Belle by Mrs. John E. French, wife of the district superintendent.



To get around, most of the islanders pump pedals. The streets are designed for strollers, not cars.

*The sign is homemade—
and "the people" mean what they say.*



*Postmistress Mrs. Harvey Spriggs:
through her hands passes mainland mail.*

U.S.A.

Smith Island's only doctor is Barbara Hunt, 74, who studied at famous Johns Hopkins. Her salary is paid by the WSCS.





Sea food is the main source of income. Men and boys know the bay's waters as well as their back yards.



Oyster dredgers often make unusual hauls, such as this whale's spine.

Ancestors of Howard Marshall (right), a retired waterman, came to Smith 130 years ago.



people shook hands and greeted their bishop with courtesy, wishing him well in a charming tongue that hints of their Elizabethan ancestors. They also welcomed a TOGETHER photographer, who made these pictures.

Ewell, like nearby Tylerton and Rhodes Point, is a quiet, water-surrounded community of neat, comfortable homes, schools, and stores. There are no hotels, taverns, theaters—or crime. Sturdy, hard-working, and religious, the people of Smith Island live together in such Christian harmony that policemen are unnecessary.

The church was packed when Bishop Oxnam entered with Dr. John E. French, district superintendent, and the Rev. W. A. Hill, island pastor, who makes his circuit of three island churches by boat. While the congregation listened attentively, the bishop preached; then, that afternoon, he returned to the mainland. The next morning the watermen of Smith Island put out in boats again—already looking forward to another visit by a bishop in the not-too-distant future.



This school bus is a boat! It takes grade schoolers from Tylerton to Ewell each morning, carries them back home before night.



To serve his three churches, the Rev. W. A. Hill is a "water-circuit rider."

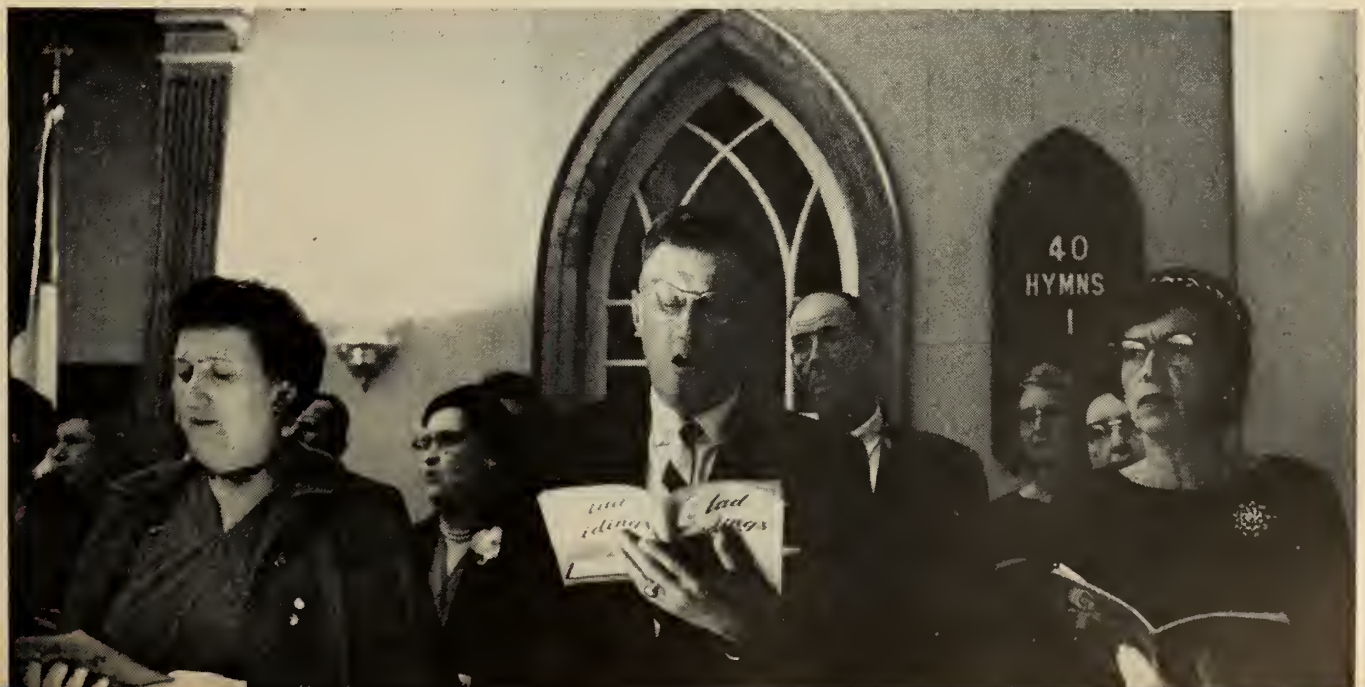


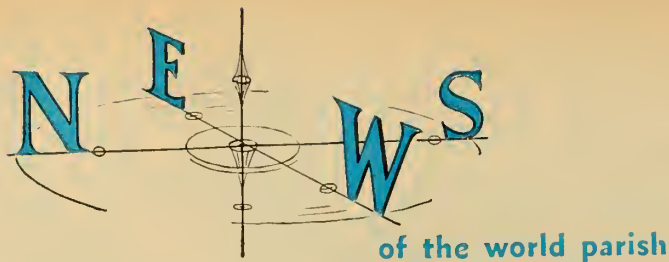
The Ewell Church graveyard follows' a custom of placing dead in concrete vaults above the ground.



Personal testimony vitalizes this Sunday-morning class, under capable leadership of William Tyler.

Methodist Islanders give some \$4,000 annually to education and missions. Churches' evening services are very well attended.





U.S. METHODISTS PLAN FOR 175TH ANNIVERSARY

Methodist churches across the country have been asked by the Council of Bishops to plan special celebrations for the week beginning December 27 in observance of the 175th anniversary of the organization of The Methodist Church in America. A nation-wide observance is being planned for Baltimore, Md., where on Christmas Eve, 1784, representatives of Methodist societies met to organize formally into a church.

This Christmas Conference has become probably the best-known event in American Methodist history. The 1959 Baltimore observance will duplicate it in part with a modern Christmas Conference of study and fellowship for young Methodist ministers, sponsored by the Board of Evangelism. It will be held at Lovely Lane Church, successor to the little meetinghouse where the first Christmas Conference met.

A special committee, headed by Bishop Roy H. Short, Nashville, Tenn., is planning the nation-wide observance. Local churches will get suggestions for their celebrations from literature being prepared by a subcommittee under direction of Dr. John O. Gross,

general secretary of the Board of Education's Division of Educational Institutions.

TOGETHER's November issue will be a special, 128-page anniversary edition, bringing to life the colorful personalities and events connected with the growth of the church.

The Council of Bishops, in its call for the December observance, explained that at the Christmas Conference, "Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke were chosen as our first bishops; plans were made for the founding of our first college [Cokesbury College, Abingdon, Md.]; the work of our Methodist Book Concern was begun; and the foundations of our ecclesiastical structure were carefully and prayerfully laid."

American Methodism, the bishops added, "has been blessed with a vast company of devoted preachers and laymen, some of them persons of great prominence, and many more of them persons living their lives and doing their work in quiet and sometimes out-of-the-way places who have written many chapters of splendid Kingdom achievement under the blessing of Almighty God."

Year Abroad for Teens

Nineteen U.S. Methodist teen-agers will live in Europe for a year beginning in August under an International Christian Youth Exchange program involving a total of 52 young Americans and more than 100 Europeans. All will live in homes on the opposite continent; 53 Europeans will stay in U.S. Methodist homes.

ICYE, in which The Methodist Church co-operates with six other denominations, operates on this theory: "The best way to know people is to live with them in their home towns long enough to get the swing of their daily routine." The Rev. Theodore McEachern, Nashville, Tenn., is director of Methodist participation.

Methodist visitors abroad:

Germany—Charlotte Anderson, Whitakers, N.C.; Carol Browne, Richland, Wash.; Kathleen Carson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Sue Hanks, Alliance, Ohio; Nancy Hensolt, Menlo Park, Calif.; Karen Logue, Franklin, Pa.; Janet Pearson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mary Janell Stevens, Savanna, Ill.; Warren Coats, Jr., Bakersfield, Calif.; Frederick Herschbach, Tyler, Tex.; Ted Pearson, Leroy, Ala., and James Pelton, Shreveport, La.

Sweden—Jeanine Anderson, Alliance, Nebr.; Linda L. Hamilton, Vancouver, Wash., and Ken Lipscombe, Waco, Tex.

Holland—Lynn Bush, Hillsdale, N.J.; Nancy Callahan, Baltimore, Md., and Deanne Peterson, Chappell, Nebr.

Austria—Beverly Juchert, San Mateo, Calif.

African Quartet Tours U.S.

Four young musical Methodist laymen from Southern Rhodesia, the Ambassadors, have begun a 10-month U.S. tour, which will end with a performance at General Conference next April. They are appearing in 29 states and the District of Columbia.

Dressed in the animal-skin garments that tribesmen wear on ceremonial occasions, they sing African lullabies, wedding and festival songs, and hymns and chants, and demonstrate the use of African drums and other musical instruments. All are teachers.

Pay Back Donations

A new way to help Methodist churches to build is shaping up. It pivots around the eventual return of funds, donated by the Division of National Missions or similar central agency, to the donating body—which, in turn, re-advances the money to another new church to help it build its own structure.

At least one new church building has been provided almost entirely by such funds, returned by 24 churches in its district; in another area, one



Summer tourists in Colombo, Ceylon, are finding an unusual attraction in the City Mission, believed to be the oldest Methodist church in Asia. It is used for services and as a slum-work center. Methodists began work on Ceylon in 1814.



Children of Rev. G. F. Emery, Middleboro, Mass., read about the birth of new brother on church bulletin board.

church alone returned nearly \$50,000.

The returns are made out of a "missionary impulse," says Dr. Fredrick L. Pedersen, a director of church extension. The Division then returns 90 per cent of the money to the District or Conference.

Congo Girls' Lot Improving

Life for girls in the Belgian Congo is improving rapidly. Dorothy Gilbert, a missionary, reports:

"The time is passing when girls will agree to being forced into an unwanted marriage or to being appraised for their hoe-wielding muscles."

Parents, who a few years ago objected to education for their daughters, now are sending them to school; more than 130 are crowded into space for 100 in Methodist residences in Lodja and Wembo Nyama, where schools are located, Miss Gilbert says.

Warns on Science

Caution in applying the latest scientific advances to religion is being urged by a Nobel Prize winner and physicist.

Dr. E. T. S. Waltin of the University of Dublin said on a speaking tour of 19 Methodist schools that science has much more to discover and warned that man must not imagine he has all the knowledge.

In both science and religion, he added, freedom to get and discuss basic facts is essential.

Wants Churches in Wills

Church members are being advised to leave their estates to religious bodies to help prevent government confiscation of individual wealth and resulting socialism. Philadelphia industrialist J. Howard Pew is stressing that such gifts are free of federal inheritance taxes and nearly free of state levies.

The government has increased its

ownership of national wealth from 3 to 27 per cent in the last 40 years, Mr. Pew says. He adds:

"If this trend continues, the confiscation of this wealth by taxes must eventually create a socialized state and productive capacity will be strangled."

Griffith Assigned to Belgium

The Rev. Lester E. Griffith, Jr., Methodist missionary once held captive by Algerian rebels (see *My 40 Days and Nights With the Algerian Rebels*, April, 1959, page 12), has been assigned as missionary-pastor at the Methodist church in Eccussines, Belgium.

Dr. Roland W. Scott of the Board of Missions said Mr. Griffith and his family will not return to Algeria soon because of possible difficulties. The Griffiths hope eventually to resume work in Algeria or elsewhere among French-speaking Arabs.

Cubans' Need Desperate

At least 52,000 Cubans are in desperate need in Oriente Province as a result of the civil war, reports the Rev. Frank Hutchison of Church World Service.

Last winter CWS cabled \$5,000 for food and sent 14,000 pounds of clothing. There are nearly 30,000 needy in Santiago de Cuba alone, and in some towns in Oriente Province up to 75 per cent of the people are out of work because of the revolution.

Church World Service is arranging for additional shipments of food, vitamins, drugs, clothing, and money for emergency food purchases. This is made available by U.S. churchgoers through One Great Hour of Sharing, Share Our Surplus, and United Clothing Appeals.

Not All Split in Hollywood!

In Hollywood, where divorces and family splits have long been publicized, First Methodist Church recently had a special service for 45 couples wed 50 years or longer.

"There is no more significant way to emphasize the durability of the American home," said Dr. Charles S. Kendall, pastor, "than to bring together couples who have lived together half a century."

South American Challenge Big

South American Methodists want more missionaries to help them capitalize on an unprecedented opportunity for evangelism, reports Methodist missions executive Dr. James E. Ellis.

"I was impressed," said Dr. Ellis, who recently spent two months in South America. "From what I could see for myself, and from what I heard from others, we are on the threshold

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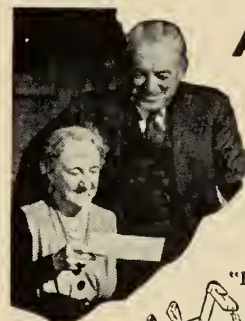
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Dr. Nall
Answers Questions
About

Your Faith and Your Church

What do Methodists believe about purgatory?

That there is no such place. *The Methodist Articles of Religion* call it, along with certain other Roman Catholic doctrines, "a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of Scripture."

Of course, there is in the Bible the clear teaching that the evil are separated from the good during the time between death and the final judgment. See the parable in Luke 16:19-31, for the idea that Hades was divided into Gehenna, the place of final punishment, and paradise, the dwelling place of the righteous.

Also, the Bible does suggest, as in Matthew 12:32, that sins may be pardoned, under certain circumstances, in the world to come, holding out some hope for the purifying and the purging of many imperfect believers.

Growth goes on. But the idea that the saintly can store up unneeded credits, to be applied to the accounts of the ungodly, and the other book-keeping transactions of the Roman Catholic "treasury of merits" are, the *Articles of Religion* state, "repugnant to the Word of God."

How can church people be 'in the world and not of it'?

Why not put it this way: "How can we live in the world of spiritual things and the world of material things at the same time?" It's a kind of two-worldliness.

If God sent his Son, not to condemn the world but to save it (John 3:17), it was because he loves the world. He expects us to love it, too, and to try to understand it and identify ourselves with it, and to try to reconcile it to God himself. All this is not easy.

Jesus confided to his closest friends (John 15:19): "If you were of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I chose you out of the world, therefore the world hates you." Finally, he gave them this word (John 16:33): "Be of good

cheer, I have overcome the world."

Though Christians must be worldly (in the true sense of the word—that is, human) they cannot be content with leaving the world no better than they found it. They do not retreat into the seclusion of monasteries or the caves of hermits, or even into the sanctuary of their own thoughts, but on the other hand, they do not give in to worldly standards. With the whole armor of God (Ephesians 6:11) they encounter the world, loving and respecting all its people, and they triumph over it.

Christians have dual citizenship.

Author, traveler, lecturer, teacher, minister of God—all these describe Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of *The New Christian Advocate*, who discusses with authority readers' questions on *The Methodist Church* and its beliefs.

of a whole new opportunity for expansion of the evangelical witness.

"This stems from two factors. First, there is a tremendous population explosion. Just consider the statement by Brazilians that half their population is under 25! Second, there is a new receptivity to the Protestant proclamation of the risen, living Christ."

Elected to UN-Aiding Group

Three prominent Methodists are among 10 religious leaders elected to the National Council of the Atlantic Union Committee, an independent body seeking to strengthen the United Nations. They are Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, Los Angeles; Dr. B. Joseph Martin, president, Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., and Dr. David A. Lockmiller, president, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

The Committee works for closer union of democratic nations within the UN framework to advance "their common economic and political affairs, their joint defense, and the aims of world peace and individual freedom."

Give Schisler Awards

Five \$1,000 John Q. Schisler graduate scholarships for 1959-60 have been awarded by the Board of Education. They are provided, through the annual Methodist Student Day offering, for young men or women who plan to be directors of Christian education.

Recipients are Betty M. Bailey, Forsyth, Ga.; Hazel P. Correll, Boston; Mary Kathryn Haynes, New Haven, Conn.; Jo Ann Richardson, Monroe, La., and Hulda Ruth Whitely, High Point, N.C.

The Rev John Q. Schisler of Nashville, Tenn., for whom the scholarships are named, is a retired former executive secretary of the Board's Division of the Local Church.

Help Teens Choose Careers

Clinics to help high-school students pick careers are being held this summer at Methodist-related Emory University, Atlanta, Ga. The eight three-day sessions include interest and aptitude tests, achievement analyses, personality inventories, and interviews.

"Never before have young men and women had so many choices of careers," said Dr. Sam Webb, testing and guidance director, "and never has training been so specialized and costly."

'Smut Hurts Missionaries'

U.S. missionaries abroad find their work hampered by obscene magazines, books, and movies now being exported, according to Dr. Clyde W. Taylor of Washington, D.C., public-affairs secretary of the National Association of Evangelicals.

He told a House Post Office sub-

committee: "There is great contrast between these magazines and those of the Communists, displayed on the same racks, which are beautiful in presentation and moral in content."

Some film companies, he added, seem to make two versions of their features, one approved under the industry's code for domestic consumption, and an uncut version for export.

40-Hour Week? Not for Pastor

About 60 per cent of Methodist ministers work 50 to 69 hours a week, a new Division of National Missions survey reveals. Only 7 per cent work 40 hours or less.

Most devote the largest slice of time to calling on members. Sermon preparation is next, followed by study, conducting services, and attending meetings. And 38 per cent do some janitorial work around the church.

The survey also shows that 52 per cent consider the WSCS the most co-operative group; 97 per cent believe laymen should assume more responsibility.

Nearly 58 per cent said their churches "participate, but without enthusiasm," in Annual Conference programs; 27 per cent said their churches participate enthusiastically, and 11 per cent reported participation "reluctant." As to programs of Methodist general boards and agencies, 66 per cent reported participation without enthusiasm; 13 per cent reluctant participation, and 12 per cent enthusiastic participation.

How many would become ministers again if they had their lives to live over? A whopping 97 per cent!

Education, Action for Peace

A year-long program of education and action for world peace has been launched by the National Council of Churches.

It will center on four major topics: power struggle and security in a

nuclear-space age, overseas areas of rapid social change, changing dimensions of human rights, and international institutions and peaceful changes.

Oppose 'Christian Amendment'

U.S. religious liberty can be damaged if Congress adopts the "Christian Amendment" to the Constitution, the National Council of Churches' General Board has warned. Under the amendment, a provision would be added to the Constitution declaring: "This nation devoutly recognizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Saviour and Ruler of Nations, through whom are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God."

Such a statement, the Board contends, could lead to denial of religious liberty to non-Christian Americans, confuse the issues involved in separation of Church and State, embarrass the relations of American churches and the nation with the world majority of non-Christians, and "strengthen the hands of those who desire financial and other privileges for Christian churches . . . such as support of school and welfare institutions, extended tax privileges for property, and enterprises under Christian names."

Methodist 'Moms' in 10 States

Ten states have chosen Methodists as their 1959 Mother of the Year. Included are:

Arizona, Mrs. Hazel Bendure Johnson, Willcox; California, Mrs. C. M. Mathias, Tulare; Georgia, Mrs. Maybelle Hitchcock McGarity, Dallas; Kansas, Mrs. Irene Henderson Kelley, Atwood; Maryland, Mrs. Allene Leatherbury Moreland, Lothan; North Carolina, Mrs. David McKee Hall, Sr., Cullowhee; Pennsylvania, Mrs. Mary Hill Norton, Gouldsboro; South Carolina, Mrs. Lucile Howell Sims, Orangeburg; Tennessee, Mrs. Mary Merrill Shadow, Decatur, and Virginia, Mrs. Frank M. Long, Roanoke.

More U.S. Missionaries

The U.S. and the New World provide two thirds of the world's missionaries, the Rev. Eric S. Fife has told a group of ministers meeting in Minneapolis. He is secretary of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, a movement to evangelize college students.

Forty years ago, he added, most missionaries came from Great Britain.

Admit Women Pastors

Women theologians in Germany may become pastors of the Evangelical Church and now are eligible for all its appointments, including that of the presidency.

A new church law states that only

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unmarried women may have ministerial posts and grants the parish the right to reject a woman as pastor. It was passed over objections of the Pastors' Commission, which held the duties of parish minister to be "too strenuous."

Methodist Funds Gain

Receipts for 10 Methodist general-benevolence and administrative funds gained 4.92 per cent in the fiscal year that ended May 31. Dr. Thomas B. Lugg, treasurer, Council on World Service and Finance, reports total receipts were \$23,699,248, a gain of \$1,111,467 over the previous year.

Most spectacular gain was made by the Methodist Television Ministry, up 25.64 per cent. World Service suffered a .27 per cent drop.

Radio Pairs Church, Baseball

Major-league baseball has a unique radio sponsor in Clarksville, Tenn.—a group of businessmen and others who finance go-to-church commercials. No product is mentioned; instead, listeners hear messages such as:

"If you know someone who has no church home of his own, or newcomers in town who haven't found a church home here yet, invite them to worship with you. It may seem such a little thing, but to them it might be the biggest thing in the world."

Put Laymen to Work

Church lay leaders should use such proved business methods as two-way communications and management consultants, in the opinion of Lubbock, Tex., laymen. In a survey, 70 per cent of 400 queried favored these techniques.

This, some explained, would put

more men to work in churches and free ministers from details. The study was made by Christian Men, Inc., an organization financing research in lay witnessing.

Medical Mission Report

Protestant mission hospitals throughout the world treated 1,580,888 inpatients and 7,999,886 outpatients in one year, according to the *Directory of Protestant Medical Missions*. Another 1,231,926 were treated in dispensaries and 1,228,853 in leprosaria.

The directory is published by the Missionary Research Library, New York City, and lists 1,602 institutions of 213 agencies.

Pastor Awards 'Oscars'

Taking a cue from nearby Hollywood, the Rev. Donald R. Locher of West Covina, Calif., has presented "Oscars" to workers in his church. "Osca," he explained, stands for Outstanding Service in Church Administration.

The awards, tiny dolls, were given for best all-around service, best musical direction, best program, best supporting man worker, and best supporting woman worker.

Church Drama 'Improving'

Religious drama is improving as interest grows and new techniques spread, says the Rev. A. Argyle Knight of the Board of Education's Youth Department. Mr. Knight is also director of the National Council of Churches' drama workshop, July 21-August 1 at Lake Forest, Ill.

Today's productions, he explains, have "fewer 'cheesecloth angels,' better costuming, better staging, and better plays."



President Eisenhower congratulates Methodist Edna Donley on her selection as 1959 Teacher of the Year by McCall's magazine. In addition to her classes at Alva, Okla., High School, Miss Donley teaches Sunday school at First Church, Alva.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES TACKLE VITAL ISSUES

Methodist leaders now are weighing the results of this year's Annual Conferences, expected to have heavy impact on the quadrennial General Conference, Methodism's policy-making body, when it meets at Denver, April 27-May 11, 1960.

Ninety-nine of the 101 Annual Conferences have met and passed recommendations for General Conference action. Many also have spoken out on important church and world issues.

New England and St. Louis Conferences, among others, are urging the General Conference to continue the 1956-60 emphasis on Christian higher education through the 1960-64 period. Or, St. Louis has suggested, the General Conference might establish a permanent General Board of Higher Education.

Several Conferences favor a proposed merger of the General Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations into a single Board of Christian Social Relations. Many Conferences want to make the now-optional Commission on Christian Social Relations mandatory for each local church.

Some Conferences are seeking to abolish the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction and to affiliate Negro members with white churches and Conferences. Other leaders want the Jurisdiction preserved, while still others would like to scrap the entire Jurisdictional system.

Alabama-West Florida Conference urges churches to "promote racial understanding through the dissemination of factual information" and to work for education emphasizing "the positive contributions of various people to the culture and welfare of our nation in the arts, sciences, education, religion, and other areas." And the two Arkansas Conferences—Little Rock Conference and North Arkansas Conference—have asked for strong support of public education.

U.S. recognition of Red China and its admission to the UN is sought by Maine, New York East, Troy (N.Y.), and other Conferences. However, Troy's position has been disaffirmed by the official boards of Community Methodist Church, Slingerlands, N.Y., and First Church, Rensselaer, N.Y. The Slingerlands board says such a stand on a political matter violates separation of Church and State, while the Rensselaer group charges it "gives aid and comfort to the enemy."

An agency to observe developments in Church-State relations has been recommended by New York East and Idaho Conferences. Idaho suggests that the General Conference assign this job to the Board of Social and Economic Relations, or the Board of Christian Social Relations if it is formed.

Gambling is another target. Wyoming Conference (in Pennsylvania and New York) opposes proposals to legalize pari-mutuel betting and bingo in Pennsylvania. New Mexico has denounced the granting of a license for a horse-race track at Anapra, near El Paso, Tex., as "detrimental to the moral, spiritual, and financial well-being" of the area.

Peninsula Conference (Maryland-Delaware) has commended Delaware's Gov. J. Caleb Boggs for vetoing a measure requiring the public whipping of robbers.

Conferences are also speaking out against nuclear-weapon testing, airline liquor service, interstate liquor advertising, universal military training, and capital punishment.

Good Land = Good Churchgoers

Productivity of the land has an important bearing on rural-church attendance, a survey of 155 Methodist country churches in South Carolina has revealed.

Seventy-three churches, in areas of good land, averaged 35 services annually, with a year's average attendance of 2,436. The remaining 82 churches, in areas of poor land, had an average of 28 services and 1,479 attendance.

New Hymnal for Servicemen

A new *Armed Forces Hymnal*, the result of eight years' research and editing, has replaced the *Army-Navy Hymnal* published in 1941. The edition is composed of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish sections; it also contains Scripture, prayers, and orders of worship.

The first copy went to President Eisenhower.

Dying Church Gives \$2,500

Collecting \$2,500 to give some new church was one of the last acts performed by members of Walbrook Church, Baltimore, Md., before they disbanded their 66-year-old congregation. The church was sold because most members had moved to suburbs.

The money went to Dr. E. Cranston Riffin, executive secretary, Baltimore Conference Board of Missions, who will present it to some new congregation.


Want More Rhythmic Music

"There's no sin in syncopation." That's the slogan of a Methodist pastor and a choir director seeking to encourage churches to use more rhythmic music.

Explained the Rev. Luther M. Ridgeway, Kensington Church, Buffalo, N.Y., "There should be more variety. I always felt that the traditional church

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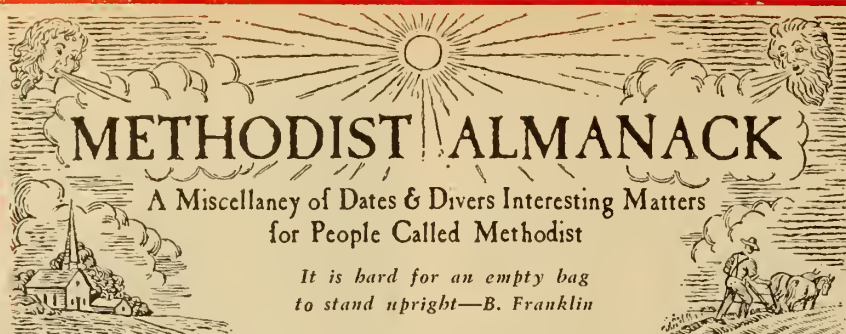
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8th Month

And offering fresher up, with pious prayer
"The good," I said, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honors Heaven, shall heavenly honor share."

—John Dryden, translation from Latin

- 1 Sa First national census, 1790
- 2 S Wild Bill Hickok murdered, 1876
- 3 M Columbus sails for New World, 1492
- 4 Tu S. Central MYF Workshop, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.
- 5 W Wm. Chandler reports to Asbury, 1805
- 6 Th Gertrude Ederle swims English Channel, 1926
- 7 Fr Pacific Northwest International Missionary Conference, Tacoma, Wash.
- 8 Sa Spanish Armada destroyed, 1588
- 9 S John Dryden, poet, b., 1631
- 10 M Leadership Training School, Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Fla.
- 11 Tu First radio SOS transmitted, 1909
- 12 W 1st Amer. police force, New York City, 1658
- 13 Th J. Wesley meets Dr. Thomas Coke, 1776
- 14 Fr Ernest Thompson Seton, writer, b., 1860
- 15 Sa Panama Canal opens, 1914
- 16 S Read Psalm 1
- 17 M David Crockett, b., 1786
- 18 Tu Vets of Foreign Wars org. Denver, 1913
- 19 W Japan liberates Gen. Wainwright, 1945
- 20 Th "Preacher" Smith killed by Indians, 1876
Was 1st man of God in Black Hills
- 21 Fr Nat'l Conf. Family Relations, Ames, Iowa
- 22 Sa Red Cross founded, 1864
- 23 S Oliver H. Perry (Battle of Lake Erie) d., 1819
- 24 M Nat. Convocation of Methodist Youth, Purdue U., Lafayette, Ind.
- 25 Tu Allies liberate Paris, 1944
- 26 W For age and want, save while you may
- 27 Th Kellogg Peace Pact signed, 1928
- 28 Fr Coal first mined in U.S., 1806
- 29 Sa Bishop Asbury presides at first Conf. in Maine, at Readfield, 1798
- 30 S Creek Indians slip into Ft. Mims, Ala., 1813, kill several hundred settlers & soldiers
- 31 M John ("Pilgrim's Progress,") Bunyan d., 1688

 Bishop Asbury recorded in his journal for Aug. 30, 1798: "From 1,000 to 1,800 souls attended public preaching and ordination. The unfinished temporary state of the gallery was such that the plank and other parts would crack and break. We had one alarm . . . but no person was killed or wounded."

■ Rev. Chandler, presiding elder of Delaware district, reported:

"Our quarterly-meeting began at Barratt's chapel. . . . After several exhortations, the meeting closed with evident marks of conviction upon the countenances of many. On Sunday morning our Love-feast was accompanied with the presence and power of God. After the love-feast, seeing that



our house would not hold half the people; we made arrangements to keep the public meeting in the woods."

■ "Here (at Kingston) I found a Clergyman, Dr. Coke, late Gentleman Commoner of Jesus College in Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose. I had much conversation with him; and an union then began, which I trust shall never end."

■ Henry Weston Smith preached to grizzle-faced prospectors and miners during Gold Rush at Deadwood. Was killed on way to preach at neighboring Crook City.

music lacked sufficient vitality when used exclusively."

The church's choir director, William H. Tallmadge, added, "If a Methodist congregation wants to sing an old camp-meeting hymn tune with its dancelike rhythms, or if it would like to hear the choir sing an American anthem in a popular style, no one should prohibit it from doing so." The Kensington junior choir, he said, recently added hand clapping and foot tapping to a worship-service spiritual and received favorable reaction.

Year-Long Attendance Push

The Board of Evangelism now is preparing 1960 church-attendance materials to cover four seasons; previously, they covered only from New Year's Day till Easter.

The new plan, in the view of the Rev. John Lewis Sandlin, attendance-movement director, may "help churches whip the summer slump. We recommend (the materials') use for that season or during other three-month periods, such as January 1 to Easter, Easter to Pentecost, and October to Christmas."

Objectives for the 1960 attendance effort: conserving present membership, reactivating inactive members, giving Christian witness through worship evangelism, deepening the spiritual life of members, extending the ministry of the church through worship evangelism, enlarging prospect rolls, enlisting new members through church worship, and increasing personal effectiveness through regular worship in church.

MYF Boosts Missions

More than three-fifths of the Methodist Youth Fund dollar now goes for mission work, according to *MYFund Bulletin*. Receipts for the nine months ending March 1 totaled \$411,526.

The money also is used for youth work in the Annual Conferences, general youth work of the church, and the National Conference of Methodist Youth.

Split on Catholic President

Religious-news writers are evenly divided on whether a Roman Catholic could be elected President. This was revealed in a poll at a national writers' convention in Louisville, Ky. In addition, Catholics polled split evenly on the question. The writers represented 25 dailies and one wire service.

Aid for Ministers-to-be

Two Texas Methodist schools have received \$192,000 each in scholarship funds for students planning to enter the ministry. The grants were made to Southwestern University, Georgetown, and Lon Morris Junior College,

Jacksonville, from a trust fund set up by the will of the late O. P. Hairgrove of Houston, Methodist businessman who died in 1947.

Caravans Visit 140 Churches

Youth work in 140 Methodist churches is being revitalized this summer in a Methodist Youth Caravan program involving 92 college students and 23 older counselors. Each team consists of four students and one counselor, who visit churches, working a week at each with teen-agers and their leaders.

Now in its 21st year, the caravan movement has reached more than 1 million persons in nearly 2,000 churches.

Methodist School Sold

One of Methodism's secondary schools, Baxter Seminary, Baxter, Tenn., has been sold and will be used for a county high school.

It will be named for Dr. H. L. Upperman, president for more than 30 years. The \$200,000 received will be invested and its income used for college scholarships for students in the upper Cumberland region.

\$730 Worth of Gratitude

Methodist Student Loan Fund officials, Nashville, Tenn., were startled recently to receive a \$975 check in repayment of a \$245 loan. When they tried to return the extra \$730, the borrower explained that the money helped repay his debt of gratitude.

"I hope," he added, "it will help someone else as much as the original sum helped me."

Unemployed Work at Church

A factory shutdown in Indian Head, Md., failed to stop the 180 Methodist Church members there from completing an extensive building project. Unemployed workers pitched in to build an education unit and an extension to the sanctuary, cutting costs to \$30,000.

Gives Hamline New Gift

Methodist-related Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., has received \$400,000 from a fund established by the late Charles M. Drew of Minneapolis. The sum raises to \$3.7 million the amount given to the school by Mr. Drew.

The new gift will be used for faculty salaries.

Alaska U. Library Started

Alaska Methodist University, due to open in Anchorage in the fall of 1960, now has a librarian and the start of a library. Mrs. Willetta B. Matsen, who set up Anchorage's first public library, has been appointed librarian

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by AMU President Donald F. Ebright.

Money for books is being raised by Methodist Men clubs across the U.S.; funds for record-equipped listening rooms are being contributed by Methodist Student Movement units.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

'RELIGION IS OK.' The Soviet Union opposes religion only when it is used "to do something detrimental to man," now asserts Nikita Khrushchev.

TRY SUNDAY SCHOOL. Adult Sunday schools are being tried in Australia to teach grownups "how to live in the modern world as Christians."

MORE PRESBYTERIANS. The Presbyterian Church now has 3,159,562 members in good standing, an increase of 56,990 over 1957. Giving is up, too—by \$10 million, for a 1958 total of nearly \$250 million.

MANY CHURCHES—BUT . . . The Southern Appalachian Mountain region has more churches but fewer members than any other U.S. area, a Berea College study reveals.

UNITARIANS DOUBLE. Unitarian Church membership in the U.S. and Canada has increased by 100 per cent in the last decade, according to Sen. Roman L. Hruska (R-Nebr.), a former director of the American Unitarian Association.

ONE DAY OF REST. Seventh-day Adventists in Columbus, Ohio, are seeking repeal of Ohio's blue laws in favor of a statute requiring one day of rest in seven. They observe Saturday as their Sabbath.

LAND FOR THE AGED. Texas Conference has received two gifts of land as sites for homes for the aged. A 175-acre tract at Orange, Tex., valued at \$2 million, was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Brown; the property will go to the Conference after the Browns' deaths. A 10-acre

CENTURY CLUB

The names of six more Methodists who have passed their 100th birthdays and qualify for the Century Club have been received by **TOGETHER.** They are:

Mrs. Fred Bussey, 101, Wichita, Kans.

Miss Estelle Candee, 100, Garden Grove, Calif.

George H. Judd, 101, Alliance, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Anzalette Morton, 100, Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Jennie Pannebaker, 100, Pueblo, Colo.

Fred Sloan, 101, Harrisville, Pa.

Names of other long-lived Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as readers send them in.

site in Houston was given by Mrs. W. W. Fondren, Sr., through the Fondren Foundation.

STASSEN TO SPEAK. Harold E. Stassen, former presidential adviser on disarmament, will speak on disarmament before the National Convocation of Methodist Youth, Purdue University, Aug. 24-28.

NEW OUTPOST. First church on tiny Yaeyama Island in the Ryukyus has been dedicated by Protestant Christians. Mr. and Mrs. C. Harold Rickard, Methodist missionaries, helped the Rev. Yozen Miyara build it.

METHODISTS 'DOWN UNDER.' Australian Methodists are starting a program to encourage sponsorship of British Methodist families as immigrants to Australia.

GIVE HOSPITAL \$45,000. The Rev. and Mrs. William M. O'Donnell have given \$45,000 for a recovery room to Methodist Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., where he is chaplain. The gift

is a memorial to two of their sons. Lt. James Anderson O'Donnell, killed in the Korean war, and Henry Harrison O'Donnell, who died in 1955.

TO STUDY SOVIETS. Andrew Quarles Blane, religion student at Methodist-related Duke University and one of three graduate students awarded Ford Foundation fellowships for religious research, will spend a year at Harvard probing the relation of the Soviet state to its Protestants.

METHODISTS IN CAPITAL. Seven Methodist bodies have a total of 243 churches in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area, according to a new census taken by the National Capital Area Council of Churches. The only Protestants exceeding this are Baptists, with 300 churches.

\$80,000 RELIEF AID. Protestants in 12 countries have given more than \$80,000 through the World Council of Churches to aid victims of the Tibetan revolt, of floods on Madagascar, and of hurricanes on the South Pacific island of Niue.

BUILD ON ALTIPLANO. Methodists on the Bolivian *Altiplano*, treeless plateau 13,000 feet above sea level, have dedicated a new \$28,000 school for girls and two new churches, all to be used by Aymara Indians. [See *Bolivia—A Land of Decision*, February, 1959, page 35.]

CAMERA CLIQUE

Swinging into Action: This month's cover shot proves that a feeling of movement—real or implied—can make even the simplest picture an eye-stopper. The photographer froze this action with a 1/250-second shutter speed, aperture f/8, using medium-speed Ektachrome film (ASA 32) in his Rolleiflex. But you can do the same, our photographer friends tell us, without a fast shutter or souped-up film: Success hinges on timing your exposure to catch peak action—here, the high point of the upswing when the tot hung in mid-air. With good planning and reflexes, you can catch crisp action shots with shutter speeds of 1/100 second—or slower!

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This poster will become a familiar sight across the U.S. in November as Religion in American Life opens its annual go-to-church campaign. It will appear on 6,500 billboards, 90,000 bus and train cards, in 10,000 newspapers, and other spots.

All items are offered on a money-back guaranty.

Prices are postpaid. Kindly enclose payment and mention that you saw the item in *Shopping Together*. We would appreciate receiving word about your experiences with our advertisers.

Shopping Together



Mighty Mite Sprinkler—Don't crush the daisies or clutter the lawn. This discreet little *turbine-action* sprinkler snuggles into the grass, sprays (coarse or fine) up to 2,500 sq. ft. Spike pushes into ground. Non-clogging, unbreakable plastic. \$1.98. *Mulberry House, Dept. XY-88, 65 Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.*



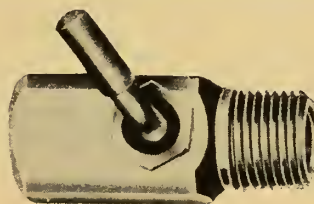
Musical Clown—Tweak its nose and it plays a tune—much to your tot's delight. Let him play with it, or hang it on crib or carriage. Cuddly white plush, wears red felt hat with bell; wind-up nose plays a lullaby. One-year breakage guaranty. \$3.95. *House of Granat, Inc., Dept. T, 139 Fifth Ave., New York City 10.*



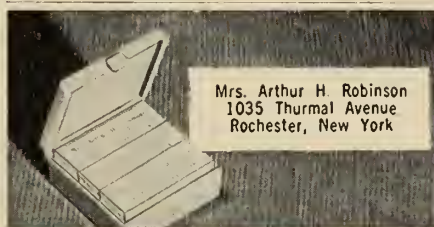
Bird Tag—The latest for your bird—his very own *bird-cage sign*. Lets him introduce himself. Hang it on the cage or inside it as a toy. Bird fanciers like this method for formal identification, too. Engraved plastic; pebble-grain surface. \$1. *Handy Gifts, 53 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.*



Glass-Mates—Do young ones set glasses and soda bottles on tables, with white rings the result? Saddle those glasses with these leather *Glass-Mates*. They soak up moisture. Red, harvest, tan, black, brown. Set of 4, \$2.00. *Hoy Leather Products, 1128T Locust, St. Louis 1, Mo.*



Shower Switch—Enjoy your shower. Screw *shower water saver* between shower and shower head, then switch water off and on at will. Saves water (a boon to homeowners), and your temper, because you don't have to regulate faucets again. Chrome-plated brass. \$2.98. *Hobi, Dept. TG2, Flushing 52, N.Y.*



1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS \$1
Any 3 Different Orders \$2 ppd.

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with FREE, useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 only \$1. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS \$2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full. **HANDY LABELS, 834 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.**



Personal Address Labels, 1000 for \$1

Any message up to 4 lines neatly printed in black on white, gilt-edged gummed paper, 1½ in. long. Padded and packed with 2¼ in. plastic box. *Quite possibly the best label value you can find.* (Note we tell you our sizes.) 1000 for \$1 ppd. Any 5 or more orders, 80c each. Any 10, 75c; any 25 or more, 60c each. Via air, add 21c per 1000. Write for quantity discounts. Guaranteed. Prompt delivery. **Bruce Bolind, 81 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 28 Calif.** Thank you kindly!



CLOGGED SEWER
REMEMBER THE COSTLY PLUMBING BILL
CHICAGO—Aug. 1st. Just introduced is a Free Booklet on a New Discovery which enables the Home Owner, Janitor, or Factory Maintenance to clean any Clogged Sewer Drain. Yet anyone can operate this new **Plumbers' Flushing Gun** which releases air pressure on a solid shaft of water cleaning the most stubborn stoppages up to 200 feet. **TOILETS, SINKS, URINALS, BATHTUBS, FLOOR DRAINS, and HOUSE-TO-STREET SEWERS** clogged with Grease, Rags, Sand, Roots, and paper melt away instantly when struck by the Hammer-like blow of this new unit. There is no need to remove wall or pipe, or Grease Trap. A special attachment allows water to flow from the faucet through the Gun while air is released on the pipe. Vents or stacks are no obstacle, as force tends to strike wherever the water lays. But now, what is this **Plumbers' Flushing Gun** worth in **COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS SAVED?** Tear this Ad out—write your name and address beside it for **FREE BOOKLET**. Obey that urge. No agent will call. A postcard will do (Chicago Phone Kildare 5-1702). **MILLER SEWER ROD CO., Dept. TG-8, 4640 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois**



LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, hand-laced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffy, White. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back. Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: \$5.95 plus 50c post. **MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 58-YM Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.**



Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker \$1.95

Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your **Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker**—in permanent raised letters that shine bright at night! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only \$1.95 postpaid from **Spear Engineering Company, 252 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.**



The gate swings wide—and for these city youngsters an unforgettable week of fun begins.

Lazy F Methodists



"SHUCKS," the old-timer drawled, "what do them church people know about ranchin'?"

He was by no means the only Doubting Thomas. Throughout the scenic Cascade Mountain area of central Washington, plenty of people were skeptical. Some said Methodism's Pacific Northwest Conference had as much business buying the Lazy F as a tenderfoot had on the back of a steer. But the Methodists went ahead. They bought the \$40,000 ranch in 1953—and they've been in the "dude ranching business" ever since.

But there's much more to ranching, Methodist style, than chuck-wagon grub, horseback riding on a canyon rim, and the pleasant smell of leather. From June through September, and at many other times during the year, the Lazy F is "booked solid" with youth, church, and civic groups. And because physical exercise and the

*Just sittin' on the fence,
feelin' like an old cow hand . . .*



*Crosscut co-operation:
it takes two to make saw teeth
sing in the heart of a log.*

*New cabin in the canyon:
wherever they're
needed, "Methodist dudes" pitch in.*



*Like grandma before them, these girls help clear rocks from land
once frontier. And the old stone-weighted skid is like the one grandfather used.*





*High on a canyon rim, riders find the cross adorning Lazy F's "steeple".
Here The Methodist Church goes ranching—with a spiritual purpose.*



outdoors are skillfully blended with a well-defined spiritual program, guests come away with new inspiration and a higher devotion to Christ.

Situated on the eastern slope of the Cascades, in canyon country along the teeming little Manastash River, the ranch includes 105 acres of wooded land now used as a camp site and as conference grounds. Facilities include bunkhouses, log cabins, horse barns, a lodge and library, wranglers' cabin, a hayloft, and an assortment of other buildings. Many guests report they can live at the Lazy F for "less than we do at home," yet the ranch is operating in the black. Already Methodists have given over half the money to cover the purchase price. It is not being operated to make money, nor merely to provide wholesome recreation. Its purpose is spiritual.

As one minister put it: "Around the campfire at night, sitting on a log, or on the communion benches in the Cathedral of Pines, young and old gain a memory of past campfires and experience high moments of worship."

One such group climbed to the top of a canyon rim and erected a wooden cross which, now coated with bright aluminum paint, reflects the sun for miles around.

"The purchase of the ranch was an adventurous act of faith," says the Rev. Elwin H. Scheyer of Seattle. "Now the church's faith has been more than justified."

*Setting sun
calls ranchers back for supper—
and meaningful worship.*



MEMORIES

By EARLE H. MACLEOD

Soft waves licking mirrored sand—
Darting forth; shrinking back into cool depths.
Tempered breezes, moving idling boughs
And whispering fragrance through the leaves.
A summer sun compelling happy listlessness; exiling care.
The quiet harmony of dusk
With scarlet overlapping gold upon the water
Until night descends.

Shopping for EXTRA MONEY?

Look How Quickly
You Can Pick Up

\$75⁰⁰ and more

with *Creative*

CHRISTMAS CARDS!



Make 75¢ on each \$1.25 Box
\$75⁰⁰ on just 100 Boxes

For making money in your spare time from now to December, nothing beats selling *Creative* Christmas Cards. It's so easy that no experience is needed. Everybody sends Christmas Cards, and you'll find that they simply can't resist these wonderful designs at money-saving prices. Now you can earn more money and make it 50% faster. For Creative's "Tall Favorites" Assortment of 21 lovely Christmas Cards pays you 75¢ profit on each box, not 50¢. Our sample kit starts you earning without your sending us one cent.

"TALL FAVORITES"

Christmas Assortment is everybody's favorite. You sell 21 large, 25¢ quality cards all for only \$1.25. You keep 75¢ quick cash profit on every box!

SEE HOW YOUR EARNINGS GROW!

You're sure to please everyone—and double or triple your profits—by letting friends choose from our amazingly complete line. Hundreds of brand new boxes of cards for Christmas and all occasions, Gift Wrappings, Personal Stationery and Gift Novelties for the home and kiddies. They sell at \$1 or little more. And our FREE ALBUMS of Name-Imprinted Cards present a Christmas Wonderland of 59 different personal and business designs that sell fast at 40¢ for \$1.50 and up.

EXTRA BONUS GIFTS WORTH \$10 TO \$100

Besides top cash profits, Creative gives you BONUSSES of name-brand appliances and gifts for the whole family, worth up to \$100 each. No limit to the number of Bonuses you may earn. Organizations use bonus gifts as prizes for best workers.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME FOR SAMPLES

To get money-making facts and samples, merely mail the coupon. We'll send you our leading Assortments and Gift Item on approval, plus album of Personal Christmas Cards FREE. You risk nothing. "Dutch Boy & Girl" Salt & Pepper Set is offered FREE for prompt action. Send coupon or postcard at once!

Free Album of

PERSONAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Outstanding gallery of gorgeous samples with sender's name imprinted. Their unusual beauty and low prices put folks in a Christmas buying mood whenever shown. Yours FREE!



"Dutch Boy & Girl" Salt & Pepper Set Offered Free!

Adorable imported figurines, colorfully hand-painted and 4 inches high, will win hearts and orders at only \$1. Send for sample outfit and get yours FREE on prompt action offer!

THEY SAY IT'S EASY!



"Everyone tells me Creative Cards are the prettiest. I made enough for all my Christmas gifts besides your nice bonus gifts." T. C., Texas



"It was a joy to sell Creative Cards. In spare time I earned nearly \$200 for my church and I made many new friends." Mrs. M. T. G., Iowa



"I'm a very busy housewife, yet my first day with Creative I made \$66.00. Next week made \$72.00 showing samples at home." Mrs. S. T., New York



SEND NO MONEY!

Everything is sent post-paid, on FREE TRIAL. If outfit does not make money to your complete satisfaction, return it at our expense.

ORGANIZATIONS: Get more action by using our Bonus Gifts to reward members at no cost to you. Our big cash profits fill your treasury fast.

Creative Card Company

4401 West Cermak Road, Dept. 151-L, Chicago 23, Illinois

MAIL NOW FOR SAMPLES & FREE OFFER!

CREATIVE CARD COMPANY, Dept. 151-L
4401 West Cermak Road, Chicago 23, Illinois

Please send my money-making sample outfit on approval. Include FREE Personal Album and \$1 Dutch Boy & Girl Set on FREE Offer for being prompt.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

